

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE WATCHERS.

Patient, with weary faces,
Behind the dimity shade,
Making delicate laces
They sit, no longer afraid.

They are so tired of waiting
Behind the window-glass;
Tired of parson's prating
And the smile of parson's lass.

When they were young and glowing
And plied their bobbins and laughed,
They sat in the windows sewing,
Where they could see the shaft;

Then death roared in the darkness
And ravened after his prize,
And there came on them strength and
starkness

And fear in their ageing eyes.

Toll of their sons and brothers
The mine took, year by year,
And they were afraid for the others,—
They are so tired of fear.

All day at perilous labor
Tolled their sons and their men,
Until death fell like a sabre—
There was no more waiting then.

They knew it was surely coming,
It hung by a hair or a thread:
A crash and a stir and a humming,
And then the roll of the dead.

Still while the twilight lingers
They sit in the window-place,
Plying with crooked old fingers
The bobbins, weaving their lace.

Women the mines unmated,
With faces wrinkled and set;
All their lives they have waited,
As they are waiting yet.
Ethel Talbot Scheffauer.
The Spectator.

CRAIGO WOODS.

Craig Woods, wi' the splash o' the
cauld rain beatin'
I' the back end o' the year.
When the clouds hang laigh wi' the
weicht o' their load o' greetin'
An' the autumn wind's asteer;

Ye may stand like ghaists, ye may fa'
I' the blast that's cleft ye.
To rot i' the chilly dew,
But when will I raine on aucht since
the day I left ye
Like I mind on you—on you?

Craig Woods, i' the licht o' September
sleepin'

An' the saft mist o' the morn,
When the hairst climbs to ye're feet,
an' the sound o' reapin'

Comes up frae the stookit corn,
An' the braw reed puddock-stules are
like jewels blinkin'

An' the bramble haps ye baith.
O what do I see, i' the lang nicht, lyin'
an' thinkin'

As I see ye're wraith—ye're wraith?

There's a road to a far-off land, an' the
land is yonder

Whaur a' men's hopes are set,
We dinna ken hoo' lang we maun hae
to wander

But we'll a' win to it yet;
An' gin there's woods o' fir an' the
licht atween them,

I winna speir its name,
But I'll lay me doon by the puddock-
stules when I've seen them

An' I'll cry "I'm hame—I'm hame!"
Violet Jacob.

The Cornhill Magazine.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight it is, and the far woods are
dim, and the rooks cry and call.
Down in the valley the lamps, and the
mist, and a star over all,
There by the rick, where they thresh,
is the drone at an end,
Twilight it is, and I travel the road
with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead,
who were dear long ago in the
past,
Beautiful friends who are dead, though
I know that death cannot last;
Friends with the beautiful eyes that
the dust has defiled,
Beautiful souls who were gentle when
I was a child.
John Massfeld.

MILITANT METHODS: AN ALTERNATE POLICY.

To remove servile conditions, or conditions of imposed disability, rebellion of some kind and degree always has been necessary. Change is born of aspiration and discontent; these are its creative forces. But they do not become fruitful in silence and inaction; only when by protest and organization they have found voice and form, only when they are expressed in rebellion, can the desired revolution follow. It is true that the statement of a grievance has sufficed in some rare instances to procure redress—but this is peculiarly uncommon. As a rule the attitude of governing bodies tends to make rebellion necessary, and to make it necessary in a further degree than that which the malcontents contemplate or desire.

But the necessity for organized movements of protest does not wholly proceed from the conservatism of governments; it is in great part due to the inertia of the mass of humanity, to the multifarious and conflicting interests and detachments of the governing and the governed, to the indifference and ignorance of the victims, and—in these modern days—to the many avenues of interest and amusement, opened by wider knowledge and applied science, which absorb us in pleasure, forgetfulness, and solace.

The repeated postponement of the woman suffrage demand, and its relegation to a wholly academic position in the political world, provided full justification for the extension of the suffrage agitation into more vigorous channels at the beginning of this century. An active protestant movement was essential, if the apathy of the public and the contempt of Parliament were to be replaced by support, understanding, and respect. The older

suffrage societies had been losing ground for years. Their methods of work, which had fully satisfied the needs of the day in which they were first applied, had become antiquated and ineffective. While politics crept ever closer to women, intruding into their homes, regulating their working conditions, shutting them out of this avenue and making new restrictions for them in the other, their claim to be consulted about all these matters had receded rather than advanced. The women who wished to share in the determination of their own legal, domestic, social, and industrial conditions were brushed aside by the legislators. They were come to be regarded as negligible. Politicians assumed as an axiom that women should be content to be legislated for, and should show fitting gratitude that a certain number of the laws enacted with regard to them were benevolently intended.

There was here clear need for protest and propaganda, and this need was made the more emphatic and the more urgent by the rapid growth of the labor representation movement among working men. The re-inforced demands of the male workers tended to submerge more completely the needs of women who were politically more helpless than themselves; and their emergence into the political arena at this critical time hastened the outbreak of that campaign of protest which many women had now realized was inevitable. The magnification of political issues and political machinery has reached its height in the present day. It was inevitable when men had persuaded themselves that by the manipulation of legislative machinery they could bring about national reformation, economic peace,

and individual well-being, that women should set up the suffrage as the central and primary right of an emancipated womanhood. When all progress had come to be viewed through political spectacles the liberty of woman naturally received a political interpretation.

Every observer of the conditions which prevailed at the opening of the twentieth century must admit a need for revolt. It was beyond question; it could not be gainsaid. The stress of the industrial struggle, the wide changes that education had wrought, not only in culture and books and tools for the earning of livelihood, but in the stuff of life itself, the greater ambition and resentment with which trained women struggled against artificial restrictions, the contrast between intellectual equality and the petty social and political bonds imposed on women—these supplied at every turn the raw material for the making of rebels. The conditions which in a political age barred the avenues of political reform determined the direction of the rebellion. Women set out to play the part of the political importunate widow.

And rightly and naturally so. Rebellion against subjection is not only a justifiable but a desirable thing. A spiritless race cannot achieve emancipation, however wide the doors of liberty and opportunity be held open. Without rebellion there would be no progress. All the later work of thought, of constructive organization, of concrete establishment, spring from the seed of discontent and aspiration which compose rebellion. And just as naturally this rebellion took a political channel. It would have been odd if at the beginning any other arena, unless perhaps the economic, had been selected for the first rebel protest.

Therefore condemnation of the

forms and character now assumed by the revolt which originated in 1905 must not be misunderstood. Such criticism has become an imperative duty, but it does not imply, it is not meant to imply, any negation of the pressing need for rebellion. The destructive criticism which has been formulated, chiefly from within the suffrage movement, has been a criticism of methods, an exposure of the blindness of leaders, of the errors of judgment by which the great opportunity of the women of this generation has been restricted in effect and degraded in character and expression. Not because rebellion itself is opposed, but because the need for rebellion is recognized as great, must the misdirection of the movement's energies be so gravely condemned.

Those who undertake any campaign of reform must be prepared to serve a novitiate to propaganda. For a reform which depends upon individual conviction and acceptance progress may be early, measurable and steady; there may be laurels for wearing every day. But a very much greater length of service and strength of appeal is demanded before success can be obtained when the reform sought requires a legislative enactment; and the demands are multiplied when the enactment is claimed by a body of non-electors. This is especially so at present when the parliamentary machine is permanently overburdened and an accumulating overplus of ungranted demands marks the end of every session, and when the system of Cabinet control in conjunction with the extension of political action into new areas deprives the House of Commons of all real power of successfully initiating legislation. It is easier nowadays for politically powerless persons to establish a new creed than to carry a new law. The one requires only the conversion of individuals; the

other requires propaganda carried to the point of satiety, and sufficient influence to secure for a body of outsiders a temporary predominance over the insiders who generally control the political machine.

In order to obtain effective support for any demand it is necessary to enlist in its behalf emotion and numbers. This can only be done by awakening public interest and sympathy. Protest, propaganda, persistent appeals and demands, energetic organization and advertisement, must all play their part. The evils to be redressed and the advantages to be gained must be set forth in every possible way, so that sympathizers may be moved to adherence and adherents to activity. But paramount among the forces which must be employed to produce momentum for a reform movement is that of feeling. The average British person is not moved by appeals to abstract justice, nor by aspirations after better things, as he or she is moved by suffering. As a nation we have no desire for change unless there is a hurt to be remedied. But produce a victim, a victim from whom we are not allowed to escape, and we will act. A victim will stir us to the depths and give momentum to the deadest of old Causes. We are a nation of sentimentalists. We love to believe in our own good name. We love to feel satisfied with ourselves. And when this is not possible without action we will act. When an evil is so thrust upon our notice that we cannot escape it we will organize against it, or boycott it, or legislate it away.

This fact has to be recognized and reckoned with in every reform movement. It had to be recognized and reckoned with by the first militant suffragists; no doubt assailed us upon this point. We knew that the mere act of voting would never appeal to the imagination of women as in itself

so desirable a thing as to call for strenuous effort and bitter sacrifice. It was also clear to us that the vote as a symbol would appeal only to those who were already self-emancipated, and not therefore in need of awakening. Our task was to stir the imaginations and enlist the feelings of great numbers of indifferent and unthinking people, the great mass of the community. To do this we recognized clearly that we must appeal to the emotions; that we must produce evidence of injustice in practice; that we must show victims to the eyes of the nation.

This policy has been put into practice; victims have been provided to move the hearts of the people. But from the beginning the task has been carried out on false lines and founded on a wrong basis. Those who from the early days have kept in their own hands the control of the militant suffrage organization decided upon a policy of making victims—of creating them specially to meet the need. They did not seek for true cases of victimization caused by the conditions of which we complained, but set out to create an arbitrary supply of artificial victims. They made it a policy of the society to train women to seek martyrdom in order that they might pose later upon platforms to waken the enthusiasm of other women, and to stir the sympathy and admiration and conscience of the multitude. They abandoned the natural way of revolution which would centre round real victims a demand for change. They invented an artificial way. And to this fundamental mistake may be traced almost all, if not all, of that amazing harvest of heroic foolishness and futile greatness, of doubly-dealt blows which struck both for and against the cause, of shallowness and emptiness and blindness and wastefulness, by which the later years have

been made into a very path to Calvary.

Why was the artificial method of revolt preferred before the natural? Once the distinction has been made there can be no argument as to their comparative merits. The seeking out of real victims of our present sex-subjection is not an impossible task, such victims are to be found on every side. There can be no excuse that they cannot be found; suffragists themselves are every day proclaiming their existence from Press and platform. There may be too many such victims for effective use; certainly there are not too few.

The final propaganda value of a fact depends upon its being true. Similarly, it must be clear at once that the propaganda value of a victim depends upon her being real, not self-made, but a product of the conditions complained of. Such a real victim produced before the public has a great potentiality for the conversion of previously indifferent individuals, where a specially manufactured victim can by her very nature appeal only to the already converted.

It is further to be noted in comparing the martyr-creation method with the victim-seeking policy that the one brings the movement into close touch with real life, while at the best the other creates only a special simulation of life of its own, apart from the great currents of human interest. All the big reasons of principle, all the arguments of sound and earnest thought, are ranged on the side of selecting real victims for a real revolution in the minds of the people rather than creating artificial ones and leaving the minds of the people either estranged or unmoved.

It has been argued that the method employed was the only one which left the control of individuals and events in the hands of the militant di-

rectors, and that it provided that the women best fitted to act as propagandists should wear the martyr crown and interpret the new gospel to the multitude; and these claims must be granted for what they are worth. The method chosen has retained in the hands of the leaders greater power than the one rejected. This scarcely needs emphasis. A true victim has to be taken as she is found. She is not a follower to be directed and controlled, and she may never become a follower. Her wrongs have made her a means of appeal to the public. She must share the pedestal with the champion of her wrongs; and this although she may be socially, physically, and conventionally, an undesirable person. On the other hand, the follower can be chosen and cast off, can be made and unmade, and is always under direction. She can be controlled. Her action can be regulated. She can be made the agent of advertising or retaliatory purposes at a given moment. She can be chosen because she is socially suitable. Under all circumstances she is the subordinate of the leaders, and even while her sufferings redound to their credit and add to their glory, she herself may pass through the fiery furnace into oblivion. For such reasons as these the false system has been preferred to the true.

Other reasons of expediency have weighed in the determination of the leaders. They have known that the predominant position of suffrage in the rebel woman's outlook depended upon precarious supports. To by far the greater number of their supporters the suffrage is only a means to an end; it is what the vote has come to represent, not what it is, that stirs them to enthusiasm. Hence the vote can only remain the most important of all things so long as it is accepted as the only highway to all things. If

the things beyond can be achieved without it the vote loses in value. Now many of the great accumulation of other things desired can be achieved without the vote, without legislation or regulation of any kind. And there are some cases in which legislation is worse than useless. A large body of women suffragists do not recognize this because their leaders do not wish them: to, because those in command of their societies have deliberately followed a course of abstention from all general consideration of women's problems. They have desired to avoid diffusion of interests and of money, and have striven to create one deep and narrow channel flowing in one direction. This effort has been persistent and emphatic.

We may trace some part of the unhappy recourse to artificial martyr-making, with its development into violence, to this outlook. It is true that every real victim produced would serve as a proof of the need for change, would strengthen the demand for legislation and enlighten hundreds of individuals. But this would not be all. There would be other effects. Every real victim would bring into prominence some particular phase of the woman problem which would have to be threshed out and its connection with the acceptance of sex-inequality in national politics established. A steady demonstration of victims, such as alone would be effective in arousing the public conscience, would bring up every aspect of this problem for review. It would inevitably carry the movement wide of the strict political path, enlarge it to embrace many issues now neglected, define and bring into prominence many matters now evaded and feared, turn it into the dark and devious ways of industrial and social wrong and amongst the very cripples and criminals of our one-sexed system, and thus bring it

into close and vital connection with the realities of women's lives. To the feminist propagandist and rebel nothing would seem more desirable; to the politician nothing more undesirable. It is always a heavier and longer task to dig deep enough to uproot a tree than to lop off one of its branches; and the politician always prefers the latter effort, preaching elimination and concentration in order that the branch may be represented as the whole tree.

The dangerous deeps and byeways have been anathema to the suffragist leaders; they have feared and shunned them. Every new problem may bring new converts, but will surely bring new opponents; new opportunities for argument may strengthen the case and yet bring new dangers of delay; the fewer exposures made the fewer prejudices will be aroused; the smaller the demand the fewer interests will stand in its way of advance: thus the politician and the militant suffragist leaders. Only when a wider course has been unavoidable has it been taken by the Women's Social and Political Union. It is clear that, though its leaders have tried to tread a middle path, giving one hand to the work of the rebel and the other to that of the politician, the latter spirit has dominated their operations. In such matters they have been cautious to the verge of cowardice. They have avoided whenever possible all decisive contact with those sex or economic problems through which the meaning and the purpose of the suffrage movement can alone be interpreted. Even the White Slave Act agitation, in which the spirit of this movement predominated, is no exception; it was forced upon them by action from outside at a time when the emotional forces of the militant rank and file had no other outlet.

Yet the production of artificial vic-

times as a method of appeal to the multitude, taken apart entirely from the considerations already examined, could never be regarded as sound. It is not even politically advisable. It fails at the first test. It proves nothing. The world is used to mistaken martyrs; its records of the past are full of them, of fanatics who have been willing to suffer any measure of pain and despoilment for a superstition, for a tyrant, for a pretender, or for the dream of an overwrought brain. The world has learned to admire the martyr while seeing the mistake. If its mental processes are not always careful and accurate, it is still not mentally blind enough to accept self-sacrifice as a proof of logical reasoning and super-human certainty. The good woman may kill herself, but she may kill herself in a bad cause or in the wrong way; and the sight of women deliberately seeking martyrdom has moved to disgust and ridicule as well as to admiration. Even the appeal of suicide has been vain. The weakness of the artificial method, of the element of falsity and manufacture, has tripped up the movement at every turn. Nothing but the enthusiasm of the sufferers has been proved by self-sacrifice, and this has been discounted as an emotional craze. The heart of the multitude cannot be deeply stirred by victims who victimize themselves; it is more frequently moved to anger than to admiration of those who set out to create the victims. And in the later manifestations of the immolation spirit which has developed into an encouragement of tempestuous outbreaks and a systematic invitation to the exasperated martyrs to fling away all control and let themselves go, there is more than lack of sympathy in the popular feeling, there is a decided tendency and a growing one in the direction of retaliatory punishment.

Undoubtedly there has been excuse for much bitter anger in the parliamentary record of the last seven years. And this is not unknown to the general public. Had the rebel suffrage campaign proceeded on truly revolutionary lines there might by this time have been sufficient sympathy and understanding in the body of the people to have made the latest evasion of the issue impossible. But that sympathy has not been created. The man in the street and the woman in the home appear to believe that between the Government and the suffragette it is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other. And they do not see why they should be made scapegoats by the angry militant martyrs whose sacrifices, being ill-directed, have been crowned with failure.

Is it too late to call a changed tune? Cannot the unofficial suffragists make a pause, and for a short space of time reconsider the position? All but the prejudiced parents of the present militant policy must admit that it has failed, failed utterly both in its appeal to the people and in its demand upon the legislature. The leaders assured their followers in 1907 that the vote would be won that year, and when each succeeding year falsified the prediction it was year after year renewed. Always it has been the last lap of the race, always the moment for the last heroic effort. But this hand-to-mouth enthusiasm can be prolonged no further. We must face facts. The present type of militancy has had an eight years' trial and it has failed. All that it has achieved a real method of revolution would have achieved equally well; all that it has failed to do or done badly might have been avoided if the strength of its forces had been directed into a sounder course.

And the sounder course is obvious:

a wider movement embracing all the many aspects of feminist reorganization, not merely the political; a demand for change based on the exposure of cases of suffering and injustice; a frank admission that extra-political action is required for women's full emancipation, that there is much she must do for herself as an individual and much that must be done by combined social effort and the education of public opinion.

There seems nothing clearer than this: the proof of the existence of real victims of a system will condemn that system and make for reform. Every demand for reform originates in some case of suffering. All reform movements are born of such cases, and embody the spirit that is created by them; the victims are at once the justification and the cause of organized rebellion. Hence those who cut off a movement of revolt from the victims in whose sufferings it has originated, cut it off from reality and from its beginnings, set it apart from life conditions, and make of it an unreal thing, a shadow, an imposture. The suffrage movement stood apart from life and reality during the latter years of the constitutional efforts; it was high and dry and academic, and life moved on without it. The first outbreak of militancy seemed to promise a change; it was hoped then that the movement would come down to earth and to the common life of common women and become vital there. But the hope has failed. The militant movement has kept to a straight, narrow way, and, lest it should touch life, it has cloaked itself with artifice and hypocrisy. The deliberate manufacture of victims to fill the void created by this policy of cowardice has been a futile effort. It is clear that it does not condemn the system of sex-inequality, nor yet offer any sound argument for action to the

minds of those who have to be moved. Indeed, from one point of view, all deliberate manufacture of violence may be taken as presumptive evidence against a demand. It is a pretence, a worked-up and unreal explosion, a dramatic display—and, as such, a thing to be suspected along with the movement which produces it. This argument is not uncommonly employed, and it has stifled much possible sympathy at its source. The artificial method of awakening the spirit of rebellion has not succeeded. It has not strengthened the case for the granting of woman's suffrage; it has not deceived the public. A certain numerical advance has been won by the united efforts of all suffragists during the last eight years, but this dwindles into a disproportionately small result when compared with the effort put forth and by contrast with what might have been achieved had other lines of revolt been adopted.

For a complete education of the mind of the people, for a real change in women themselves, the fundamental essentials of revolution must be supplied. The many faces of the evil of sex-subjection must be exposed, and by this exposure and the controversy and investigation it will promote, a sound knowledge of the nature of each problem will be won. Material for this real warfare on behalf of a sex-crippled humanity lies all around ready for use. It is generously furnished by the events of every day. The daily newspaper reports supply more victims than any movement could make use of; the daily police court records of proceedings are full of their cases; women who have suffered personal injury, industrial wrong, and legal oppression can be numbered by the hundred every week. The magistrates are constantly dealing out legal punishment or legal protection to these

women; and the failure of the law is seen in that they constantly return. In the higher courts of law instances of one-sexed law and one-sexed administration are not wanting—cases of infanticide, of serious sexual crime, of divorce. Every one of these would give a sound rebel movement its opportunity; every one of them would supply a victim by means of whose suffering the evil of present conditions could be taught. There are constantly occurring, also, instances of sex-differentiation in industrial and social affairs. Men are dismissed and women set to perform their work at half the wages—in which case both men and women are victimized. Married women are compulsorily excluded from some branches of labor, or are submitted to illegal taxation; women are denied training and apprenticeship by the men working in the same trade, and then treated as "blacklegs" because, being untrained, they are forced to accept lower wages; prominent Labor politicians advocate as a "solution" of the unemployment problem the substitution of male for female labor in every possible industry; important scientific bodies refuse qualified women admission to their ranks; the married woman, while denied the honors of parentage, is subjected to punishment when she falls in the fulfilment of its duties—in all of these cases, again, there is ground for complaint, and as a clear connection can be established between the particular injustice and the established inequality of the sexes, a strong protest would at once arouse sympathy and secure some advance towards redress. According to the nature of the case and the circumstances which accompanied it, the lines of protest could be determined. On one matter the protest could be made within the police court, on another outside, in public meetings, and in the public Press. A

bad case could be used to arouse a whole town or district or trade. Strikes and boycotts could be employed on new feminist lines. Where the authorities interfered with the free statement of a case the campaign could be carried to the stage of defiance. Contempt of court might be faced, even libel actions, to bring a case under the notice of the whole nation. Under such circumstances there would be no need for any deliberate seeking of imprisonment; it would come naturally when the case at issue was so serious as to awaken great interest and indignation. Men and women alike would be carried into the active agitation for change. From every side the little forces would gather into one overwhelming torrent of purification.

This method of awakening true revolution would have one great advantage over any artificial method. It would pave the way to the fixed goal with other reforms. The present attitude of the organized suffragists of Great Britain, that of cautious concentration upon the voting disability alone, apart entirely from every other legal and social injustice, commits women to years of barren effort, in which neither the vote nor any other feminist advance can be won. This is not wisdom; it is a spurious imitation of wisdom. It has been thought that the right of women to use the parliamentary vote would be the sooner won if the feminist demand for sex-equality were whittled down to a fictitious simplicity. But such action has cut off the suffrage movement and the suffragist workers from their armory and their inspiration. While the campaign of manufactured victims has waked in the movement a semblance of vitality, it has been only a semblance. Revolt upon artificial lines has left things as they were. The movement is still sepa-

rated from the real life of the women of the nation; it is still a thing apart, detached; it is still by a policy of short-sighted cowardice closing up the avenues of its own re-birth, giving its best forces no outlet, maiming itself, restricting the area of its own influence and effort.

To those who look beneath the surface it is clear that the demand for equal voting rights for women and men cannot be separated from the rest of the feminist demands for sex-equality. They are bound together, all parts of one great whole. The woman who desires her human rights in politics must desire them in social life; the woman who claims that there shall be a standard of equal return for citizen services without regard to sex cannot deny the claim for equal pay for equal work in the industrial world; the woman who claims the right to control her own life through the law is committed to claim the control of her own person in marriage. The severance of the political demand for voting equality from the same demands in other departments of life was undertaken as a method of hastening political liberty; but it would appear to have failed of its purpose—women already have given nearly half a century of service to the suffrage agitation—and it certainly has tended to postpone all other liberties for an indefinite time. It has led to silence where there should have been speech, to evasion and neglect where there should have been constant and careful attention. The price of putting all other phases of the movement aside has been paid to the full, but the victory has not been won. The worst result of this policy is that the majority of suffragists have been left crudely ignorant and fearful of the very problems they must finally solve.

This is a condition which cannot

longer be defended; it is a condition which spells suicide for the present movement if it be continued unchanged. The artificial line of revolt should be abandoned. The limitations and weaknesses of it have become manifest to its own most strenuous supporters, and the world stands unmoved or estranged by its later developments. There has been a steady fall in interest and sympathy during the last two years, and a stretching out after more and more pitiable and effective immolations has been futile to counteract it. At first there was indignation when the victims were merely arrested and sent to prison, then the numbers and quality of the victims had to be relied upon to produce the same effect; forcible feeding had next to be endured to touch the public heart, then the brutality faced by the women in their public demonstrations had to be canvassed abroad; but all these efforts have proved ineffectual, and they have proved ineffectual because the original falsity of the position is understood. The movement now has no more interest than a puppet-play, pathetic, pitiful, heroic, ridiculous, but a play only.

The world is content to see the militants play out their own game. It has decided upon a policy of non-intervention. It leaves the self-made martyrs at the mercy of the Government without protest; the infringement of liberty of speech and freedom of publication, the assumption of arbitrary powers by police officers and magistrates, the egregious Cat and Mouse Act again revived, and sacrifices like that of Derby Day, do not move it to action. "Why should there be intervention in favor of the militants?" ask the people. "They are no concern of ours, and they are paying a price of their own choosing. They die only because they choose to die, and we do not yet understand why."

Thus at this late hour the two fundamental errors of the suffragist leaders rise up to rob sacrifice of its reward and labor of its harvest. The martyrs are manufactured and the public is inert. The heaped holocaust of offerings burns in vain before the stony eye of a god unwon, and its futile ashes are scattered over the desert of failure. The militant movement has been killed, as all movements that lack reality are killed, by the blind-

The Fortnightly Review.

ness of its adherents. It has lost the public ear; it has become politically futile. And only a recourse to some alternative method of revolt which will link the suffrage demand with the real lives of women, with the real evils from which they suffer, with the crying needs by the neglect of which they die, will save the wider suffrage movement itself from sharing in the decay and death of militancy.

Teresa Billington-Greig.

THE PASSING OF THE COWBOY.

Like a multitude of other things primitive, unpolished, and picturesque, the calling of the West American Cowboy, so long the outstanding feature of civilization's fringe on that continent, is passing away. It is going, even as the bison has gone; for the bison has been wiped out of existence, save for those dingy, captive specimens still to be seen in animal collections to-day, and the few under man's control in such places as the Yellowstone Park, and an odd ranch or two where they are run in a semi-wild state, and are being crossed, with partial success, with Galloway and other breeds of domestic cattle. Even as the Red Man has been swept aside, and has all but sunk his identity beneath the advancing wave of land-hungry Caucasians; and even as the pony express and the stage-coach have gone; so, before long, we shall have to write "obit" over him of the rope, the branding-ring, and the bronco. The iron horse, irrigation enterprise, and the use of barbed wire, are all proving big factors in the hastening of his demise. Already, many a wide, dry, sparsely-grassed, horizon-rimmed stock-range of a few years ago, where roamed the long-limbed and long-winded steer, the jack-rabbit, and the antelope, has been checker-

boarded into small "nester" plots that laugh with the fatness of the bursting cabbage and the curly-headed blossoms of humanity. Broad States that knew but the cattle-raiser, now know him no more. He was necessary in his day, and usefully and well he filled his cosmic niche as agriculture's pioneer and trail-blazer. He did so in the face of difficulties, privations, and dangers, not the least of these last being the Indian, who was ever the worst of handicaps to the actual settler.

Yet a few weeks ago there was laid, on the heights overlooking New York Bay, the foundation-stone of a great memorial erection to the race of American red men who inhabited the country prior to the coming of the European. It is noteworthy, by the way, that this sentimental sop has been got up by the folk of the extreme north-east, which section of the land has of course been longest free from the red-handed rascal. In some of the western territories that were treated to certain belated items of Apache raid and rapine, the good people are barely ready, yet awhile, for Indian memorial societies and subscription sheets. Numbers of them have their misgivings about the worthiness of the noble savage. Western old-timers al-

ways have. They believe that an Indian genuinely good at heart is scarce, even if he does hold down a farming claim and wear a bowler hat. The story is told of an old frontier-experienced cowman who was asked if he had ever known any really tame and peaceful Indians to whom he would not object as neighbors. "Well, yes," he replied, after some thought, "I kin recollect about two." Leading the inquirer to the edge of an old disused well-shaft close to his house, and indicating some bones at the bottom, he added, "An' I reckon them's the two."

The reduced aborigine has really made a virtue of necessity. Were he to get a chance, as redskin *redivivus* he would again take to his old untutored tricks like a duck to the water. At the New York ceremonial there were present thirty-three old chiefs, some over ninety years of age, all bedizened and bedaubed within an inch of their lives, and to the imminent danger of the eyesight of the paleface. War hatchets, calumets, and wampum lent their lustre to the scene. Part of the ceremony was the handing to each chief a signal-halliard, that he might assist in holisting on a flagpole the Stars and Bars of their dear Uncle Sam, in token of renewal of their allegiance. It is certain, however, that among these "Two Moons," "Medicine Crows," "Hollow Horn Bears," and variously metaphorical old gentlemen, some hard-thinking must have been done as they reflected on their own barren history as compared with that of their dispossessor, since Manhattan, the now almost priceless ground upon which they were standing, was sold by their fathers for twenty-four dollars and a string of beads a-week.

One is tempted to think that while America is raising this imposing pile to the glorified memory of the Indian, something of the kind might more fittingly be done for the cowboy. Ere

time has thrown the shadow of her dusky wing between futurity and his past, the States that he policed into security should see to it that they show their recognition and appreciation of him by the regulation pedestalled bronze or chiselled stone. Possibly they may think in his case, *si monumentum quæris circumspice*, and that their ploughed and peopled prairies are tablet "for him enough." But that they are not giving themselves much concern about the question one way or another, may perhaps be evidenced by the fact that we see just chronicled in the daily papers the bankruptcy of that so long popular and far-famed enterprise known as "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show." That it met its disastrous end in Colorado, right under the very Rockies, would seem to show that there is no longer a West on which such things have a grip, or that recognizes itself, or that is interested any more in the portrayal of its pioneering days. The run of the show was fully as long as the period it represented, but, like the characters and conditions it represented, it too had inevitably to go.

Old Colonel Bill Cody, for so long the *L'Etat d'est moi* of the concern, was as picturesque a figure as any his generation produced. From his youth up he led the life spectacular, and uniquely saw himself more idealized in printed story and lime-lighted drama than any man now living. The writer once chanced to meet him during his palmiest show days, in private life in New Orleans, and found him still just a big, high-spirited, free-natured cowboy, with his only sigh for the fact that his old sphere of activities no longer needed men of his calibre. It was easy to understand how his magnetic personality and abounding self-confidence inspired his followers to their narrated acts of daring, and that these were

not all merely travesties of fact.

Much has been written about the cowboy. He has been as fertile a field for literary imagination as the fairy of Wonderland. Unwittingly to himself, he has been the cause of reams upon reams of typed untruth. He has been dished up as demigod on toast and as bad-man ragout, till people are wellnigh surfeited. To set him before them again can but be in the form of a *rechauffé*, and with apologies.

In early youth many lads, even among those most carefully raised, having got comfortably through the measles, chicken-pox, and so forth, are subject to an attack of unrest fever, the germ of which is commonly secreted in the illustrated front page of the pulse-accelerating Boys-and-Desperadoes'-own Serial. The attack may come in the form of Robin Hood, The Pirate of the Gore-drenched Topsail, or The Cowboy of the Plains. Most level-headed boys get quickly over the trouble, and resume normal ideas as to their future careers. Most of them do this, realizing the difficulty in these degenerate days of finding suitable openings for their fancy. Present-day imitators of the Sherwood Forest rover would, before getting down to business, be interviewed by the authorities as to their visible means of support, or their outdoor-sleeping propensities, and locked up under the category "tramp." The would-be sea rover would fail to run across the snaky schooner with the Jolly Roger at the fore, on board of which to sign up indentures. Some lads realize, too, that they may perhaps be equally fitted for Sunday-School superintendency. My own adolescent fever took the form of cowboy, and was violent enough to make me essay the actual rôle. It, at least, was a calling within the bounds of possibility as a personal equation.

If any one seeks a change of sensations and scene as radical as this life affords, a transition distinct and complete as may be, short of taking a trip to Mars, or effecting a transmigration of the ego into the person of another, let him try the effect of exit from the round of a well-appointed home in a British city, and the entry on the nomadic vocation of a prairie cow-country, with its so very different associates and its spells of life in the open, with nothing by way of weather-guard but the lee side of a cactus. About a score of years ago there were plenty of tracts in the States where cattle-ranging was the main business, and to-day there are still some of these left, which may be devoted to it for a few years to come. The nature of the surface of these districts and their utter unseasonableness and uncertainty for crop-growing purposes, despite all up-to-date intensive methods, will cause this to be so. People will try to farm them, of course, as they always do—trying to adapt countries to themselves, instead of themselves to the countries. Go where you will on the American continent, you find somebody trying to raise something which nature never meant should be raised there. In an ideal latitude for the propagation of white bears, you find a fellow convinced that he can grow maize. Farther south, the man in the apple country is fiddling with peaches, and the peach-latitude man insists on fooling with oranges. All are annually aggrieved at their failures, and are kicking lustily against the pricks of an unkind providence.

Near the southern border, in a land that flowed neither with milk nor honey nor yet with *aqua pura*, where the rain fell at such rare intervals that when a shower came anxious fathers have been known to gallop home in a hurry for fear it might

scare some of the children to death, the writer found a sphere wherein to assuage the fanciful fever of his early years. It was a land with little in its roughness to invite the squatting home-seeker, but which was fairly clothed withal in places with grass that must have contained a goodly amount of nourishment and stimulating properties, if one might judge from the high life of the creatures that made their living upon it. My *début* upon the stage of the cow-range produced no great stir, save in myself. The cowboy was not impressionable. On each occasion when he furnished me with a "broke" horse,—which quadruped, if it ever had been "broke," I invariably found to have got itself into good enough repair to provide, with my assistance, the elements of a first-class catastrophe,—the cowboy exhibited unfeigned interest, and was temporarily demonstrative. My trajectory before hitting the earth was a sight that gave him an abundant joy which, from my angle of vision at the critical moment, I was unable to share. This exhibition over, he would settle back once more into his habitual *sang-froid*. By nature he was not demonstrative, and his setting did not tend to make him so. True, he was gifted with humor of imagination which was oddly introduced into his language, and found vent in his justly celebrated blend of storybook slang. A more practical outlet for it he found in freaks that at times caused the cords of despair to tighten round the heart of the tenderfoot and make him sigh for his home far away. Yet, coupled with his humor, he had that certain allied sadness that is sometimes said to characterize the Celt, the great poet, and the dyspeptic. You did not expect to find in him anything of the Celt, though the poet might be a lurking possibility. Old Cædmon, among the first of English bards,

was a kine-herd. So far as my knowledge goes, however, his lyric mantle has never fallen upon any of the profession since. Nor was the cowpuncher a dyspeptic. To breakfast, dine, and sup with him, or rather to "feed reg'lar" with him,—for the first-used terms are too mild,—and to witness his silent, hearty, and bewildering way of putting down a Gargantuan repast of solids and unlimited black coffee while you were still only among the entrees, was evidence that he did not as much as know he had a stomach. Luckily for the camp, the cook was a regular *cordon bleu*, ever "slinging his hash" in a wholesome if often inartistic fashion. With no particular equipment, he would turn out, in wind and weather, hot bread at every meal,—no Australian camp damper, but a dainty light article, fit for the most fastidious. His stews were a poem; his gravies a dream; and we all loved "cusey." I have often thought that to him was largely due the wonderful absence of sickness that marked the life on the range. The cowboy, camping wherever night overtook him, had often to carry his drinking- and cooking-water on the wagons. I have frequently seen there three kegs, each offering a distinct brand and color as unlike as pea-soup and green chartreuse, and all of them an essence of mudhole fit to set up an epidemic of typhoid anywhere but in a cow-camp. Cigarette-smoking and inhaling was largely indulged in. What looked like another dangerous indiscretion very commonly practised was that of sleepers tucking their heads completely beneath their blankets, as though courting asphyxia. I once tried to demonstrate the risks to a confirmed follower of this habit. Questions of hygiene, lung functions, and the effects of carbon dioxide held no interest for him. "Pardner," he said, at the conclusion of the lecture, "if I see that I poke a sufficiency of victuals

into my interior, and that nobody takes any monkey-trick liberties with my exterior, that's mostly good enough for me." Nevertheless, whatever one might think of their habits, there could be no doubt as to their perfect health.

The part of the range where I gained my first experiences had originally borne a hard name, from the number of undesirables who were supposed to have betaken themselves there, in consequence of having had what is described in the United States outlands as "some bother" elsewhere. It may be said, in passing, that the expression is euphemistic and ambiguous, as it may mean that, like "ta Phairshon" of the feud, a man has extirpated wholesale, or killed only one or two, or that he may have merely robbed a train or in some other trivial way distinguished himself. Around the camp-fire in these days every man was presumed to have had a dark, or at least a shady, past.

The cowboy, in these far back days, was at his zenith. It was long afterwards that I came to know him; during the halcyon interlude of the range, after the Indians had been rounded into their Reservations, and ere yet the man with hoe and homestead title-deed had made too much encroachment. It is strange, by the way, that the very men who did so much to make the country habitable for the farmer should have been so much of a thorn in his side. The men with whom I was thrown were mostly Westerners, and a better type morally than the early Indian-dreaded irresponsibles. Taking them generally, their code was pretty high, and they could be trusted as honorable and "white" in most respects. Many of them, however, were caterans, in that they *would* steal a cow. Stealing, to brand and retain, was looked upon as quite a different matter from stealing to kill and eat. In camp we used to live in a chronic

state of killing the fatted calf, belonging to somebody else. Fresh from a land of law and order, with the sound of the kirk-bell still lingering in my ear, and the good words of the Catechism still coming handy to my tongue, it was difficult at first to reconcile myself to assist in rustling the beef-supply, or to partake of and enjoy the stolen steak. The custom, however, was a sort of unwritten law of retaliation, and was treated in a half-jocular way. For instance, one day when our outfit was regaling itself on a two-year-old heifer, from whose pelt the brand of D 3 had just been cut and judiciously concealed, old beef-baron D 3 himself, from seventy-five miles off chanced to come along, and sat down to dinner with the crowd. During the meal he remarked on the excellence of the beef, declaring it was "most as good as D 3 itself," and tasted powerful like it. "And I'll bet you a horse this is the first time you ever tried that taste," was our chief's rejoinder. The hilarity of the boys at the sally let him know that it sure enough was.

Branding, or blotch-branding other people's stock, being looked on askance, was a source of trouble when detected. The cowpuncher of that epoch may have been deficient in scholaring, but he was always educated enough to "fresco" an animal's flank in initial or design, and that with the finished hand of an artist. When he saw fit he could alter or add to an existing brand very ingeniously, leaving the renovated and completed work with an unsuspecting mellow tone equal to that of an old master. Guilds and associations were in existence to safeguard stock, and did a lot of good. Howbelt, big and deep burnings were ever advisable. The innocent who once turned loose his herd with the single letter I to hold it, was simply asking for trouble; and the next spring round-up, when he could not gather

hoof or hair of his stock, but could see everywhere Roman numerals, crosses, and all manner of straight line hieroglyphics, afforded a great moral lesson on careless habits. Calves, too, were well to be branded betimes, for if they were not, it was found that they did not invariably belong to you. What was even worse, you might lose their mother as well, by what was known as the instantaneous weaning process, effected by shooting down the mother cow, in order to avoid the awkward discrepancy in her own and her offspring's markings. Some otherwise quite good fellows "Mavericked" calves. It was always my chief objection to the life. Then, by some mysterious rule of ethics, the man who robbed you in a bovine way would have put himself to endless trouble in order to lynch the unpardonable thief of your horse, or to do you any other personal service within his power.

True to imposed trust, uncomplaining under hardship, resourcefully self-reliant, intrepid in danger—such was the cowboy as I found him. Innovations he did not like. Nor did he approve of Eastern rig or raiment, all of which vanities he styled "human." An Englishman who should perhaps have known better, one night, on a ranch noted for its rollicky hands, produced from his belongings a long white "human" nightshirt, and unrolled it in view of the camp. The very boldness of the act took the crowd so much aback, for the moment, that he was allowed to enfold himself in the strange garment and retire to his blankets. He was not seriously injured in the subsequent proceedings, but on that camp-ground in the morning it looked as though a snow shower had fallen. Nor would the cowboy permit anything in the shape of outside patronage or superior assumption. On a British syndicate ranch in the

Panhandle of Texas, a director with a title to his name, and, it might be, an overdose of self-esteem settled in his blue-veined system, was round on a visit of inspection. Liking not the independent manners of the company "cow-servants" as he was pleased to call the hands, he ventured to invite one man to address him as "My lord." The answer he got was flippant and characteristic, and procured the cowboy his discharge on the spot, but was handed down in syndicate ranchdom as a classic. "Ah," said he, "pears to me that that might be putting a strain on my vocabulary. How'd it suit you if I just called you my 'ring-tailed Dont-che-know,' for short?" Even as on a sea voyage one gets well acquainted with his fellow-voyager, so on the trail does one get thoroughly to know his comrades; only with this distinction, that whereas at sea every foible or weakness of your acquaintance shows up worse as time goes on, your cowboy improves as you get to know him, and calls for your increasing respect. At first he does not take to the novice, and he makes you feel this. Just as you have concluded that he is too hard to abide; when you feel ready to quit him and his works for good and all, and are sick of making philistine sport for him,—he begins to take you seriously. He has reduced you to your lowest terms, as it were, and now he can find a use for you. He tries to teach you and to help you. Then he gradually takes you into his life and his heart, in spite of the multiplicity of your mistakes, and although you still persist in "clawing leather" to retain your seat during the nasty catapult moments when you come to issue with your "broke" mounts. To sit your pitcher without clutching cantle or horn, hanging your steel in his shoulder, and "bathing" him with your "quirt" meanwhile, is the *pons asinorum* of the cow-range. I

grieve to record that, even after years of coaching, I had not got over it.

There was no depth of thinking about the cowboy, no mental introspection, no professed philosophy. But he took his life calmly, and his trials with a placidity that did one good to look upon. When the "rod" in command drawled, "Mebbe, Dick, you'd run across a critter or two that I think slipped south yesterday in that mesquite brush, if you took a look round," Dick drawled his "Mebbe so," and without more ado than catching out the toughest mount of his string, was off in ten minutes on a back trip which might mean a thirty-six hours' fast, a weary hunt, the task of roping and night-hobbling, single-handed, two or three wild cattle, and the fetching of them on at double speed to overtake the main herd. In the face of danger, too, such as a night run of a steer herd—a situation that, as he termed it, "called your hand"—he rode in the front, through the darkness and over the roughs, with the rowel of a fatalist. On the rare occasion of an altercation arising,—for there were almost never high words between these men, partly for the high probability that such a thing might mean one or both getting "leaded,"—he was gritty and cool in the crisis. When, however, he did lose command of his temper, his head and everything went with it, and he became a mere raging animal. The cook, by virtue of his office, was allowed the luxury of doing some mild fussing and grouching in camp. In this respect he was unique. The immediate entourage of the wagons he took under his absolute control. The tying and picketing of horses too close thereunto, and the unpleasant custom of some night-herders of riding among the sleeping boys to find and wake the next on guard, were matters in which he laid down the law. If it could be shown, *ex post*

facto, that a cayuse which had bucked its erratic course to the disturbing of the gentle simmer of the bean soup had not been properly handled, then the jockey "up" might expect trouble. The camp supported the cook, in that such offence warranted chastisement according to his sentence.

To listen to some of these plainsmen, one might have been led to believe that their hope, for a few years ahead, was to get some "shade job" in lieu of their present—a something in the nature of home, with less of hoof and hair about it. Yet in reality this was not the case. When they tried other callings, they mostly tired of these soon after they undertook them. Even brief visits to the city made them restless at once. In the big city, too, their simplicity was at times remarkable. Going with stock cars to Chicago, as certain of us did at rare intervals, we would stray around a bit among the sights. On the street there, on one occasion, one of us got separated from his companions, and was discovered an hour later inducing a policeman to show him to the edge of the town. He complained that he couldn't "see a blamed thing for the houses." Another chap in a public park, when he read the signboard "Please keep off the grass," wished to know what was the matter with the grass that they had to keep people off it. The same child of the wild, when he observed a crowd collected round the prairie-dog enclosure in a zoological garden, wanted to be told "what the darned fools saw in there to look at." It perplexed him to understand why any of his commonplaces of every day could offer an interest to anybody, and, above all, a varmint like a "yalla prairie dog."

Constant exercise, entailed by his strenuous work, kept the cowboy in the muscular fettle of a gladiator. No amount of riding seemed to hurt him.

His mileage on a busy cutting-out day, by the time he had unsaddled his fourth pony and turned it loose in the petered-out condition of the other three, would, had he carried an indicator, have recorded a surprising figure. Moreover, he could get as much out of a horse as any Comanche. Back about the year 1890, when the United States Government was opening up a choice strip of the Indian territory for white settlement, the method of land distribution adopted was to let the people run for it. Having first cleared the land of all "Boomers"—that is, early-door and side-door non-entitled settlers—the soldiers made every one line up to a mark, and at a gun-fire signal let them go on their quest for claims, which had to be pegged down in the usual way when selected. This land run is memorable as being the last of its peculiar kind that is ever likely to take place. Along the crowded length of the line were buggies, wagons, sulkies, motors, cycles, footmen, and horsemen of every description. Neither as a land-distributing arrangement nor as a scratch event was it an unqualified success: scenes were enacted that had not been set down on the official programme and that were not recorded in the newspapers. The point, however, is that the most coveted claims were a big distance from the starting-point, and among the well-equipped competitors, the cowboys, many of whom took part for sport as much as anything else, were easy firsts. It was never characteristic of your genuine cowboy to want land ownership. He held that big concerns might "cotton on" to some real estate for ranch and water-right purposes, but as for the little individual of the "nester" class, who got to spilling grass by messing with ploughshares and crops, he had "no blessed use for him." But somehow the less blessed use he had for an individual settler

himself, the more sinful use was he apt to have for the said settler's calf. Nevertheless, in the long joust between the homesteader and the knight of the lariat, the latter has been unhorsed.

When by chance one of the cattle-craft quitted that walk of life, and went to anything in the nature of farming, he was apt to be rather despised. Until well up in years he would stay at his equestrian job, getting the younger men, maybe, to top his horse of a cool morning, no longer enjoying the vicious jerks and jolts, though always able to stay on the back of anything when necessary. The seamed and hoary old boy had always plenty of "cow-sense," and was an extra good hand. When a puncher *emeritus* finally settled down as an agriculturist, the step was regarded by the brotherhood much in the light of a departure for the poorhouse.

Episodes of his cow-craft novitiate a man may forget. Whole stirring chapters may slip away, or become a blur in the memory; but a dark stormy night stampede, never. One such night, early in my probation, I can particularly recall, when a bunch of two thousand steers ran. In the evening, as we rounded them down on their bed ground, the keen, practised eye of the outfit "Caporal" had detected certain signs of nervousness about the brutes, which he did not altogether like in conjunction with the looks of the weather and the lie of the surrounding country. "Keep a jiggin' round them pretty peart, an' sing to 'em; and mind you holler good an' strong, or let go a cartridge to roll out the camp if they should go to doing anything," were his words as the boys were roping out the night horses. Distant thunder was growling ominously, and it was a pitchy black night when the two of us on the third watch took charge. As we fox-trotted in opposite direc-

tions on our sentry-go, round that three acres of live beef, we could only see at all by the constantly playing sheet-lightning. We had paced our vigil near to its close, and jödelled our soothing cattle-hymns till our throats were sore, and we were already thinking of our blanket nests a quarter of a mile off, under the light of that lantern speck, when something all at once disturbed the herd. Hitherto the animals had behaved quietly, nearly all lying low-headed, and exhaling their breath in the lengthy sighing way that indicates kine's soundest slumber. First, one here, one there, rose to his feet. Then, as though electrified, and with one sonorous whirl like an enormous covey of startled partridges, that mighty herd arose. For several brief seconds there was a surging and a crushing, and with one impulse, horn to horn, haunch to haunch, frantic and stertorously snorting, that heaving mass broke loose. It was like the bursting of a floodgate. There was no way to avoid it, or to stem or stay its course. In another minute I discerned that I was travelling at breakneck gait, well in the lead of a crescent-fronted thundering headlong thing that was moving close behind. I heard a couple of shots, and got a glimpse of my comrade still ahead of me. Some instructions he tried to yell, but I understood them not. We went perhaps a mile, perhaps two, when the ground seemed to grow rougher, and more than once I was sure we were down. Then it grew smoother again, and the moving thing behind seemed to have slackened speed somewhat. After a bit I heard shouts, and noticed other figures on the scene. Then gradually things seemed to resolve themselves again into a herd of hard-panting, quivering, nervous cattle that ten men were holding in check and reducing to quietness in the first gray light of dawn, while the rain poured down in

torrents. It was grand, stirring, terrible. What impressed me most in the whole business was that I got a few words of laconic praise afterwards in camp for the way we of the third watch had "winged them down and got them to milling." Yes, and I did not so much as whisper that, so far as my part was played, a four-legged, sure-footed, deep-lunged creature, still bearing the sweaty stain of a saddle blanket, and now browsing the herbage close by, had done it all. Throughout the *mêlée* I had been but as a pack on his back. A number of steers were found with their legs broken, and a few others that had split away from the main bunch were found twelve miles off. I have heard of the occurrence, but never personally knew of a man being hurt in a run of this sort. If not mounted on something he could rely on, he were best away from there. To tell just what caused the start of a stampede was not always clear. Bedding the animals down too closely was technically supposed to be one cause of it. The electric suddenness and unanimity were the puzzle. A worthy scientific gentleman from the East, who was wont at one time to come round our camps, used to be interested in the phenomenon, and held some theories of his own as to certain atmospheric influences on the brain of the lower animals at certain times. It really was an interesting subject, and one that might have been well worth investigating. He, however, never could be induced to trust himself out around a herd when conditions looked at all favorable for prosecuting his researches. We gathered from him, if I remember rightly, that a friend of his, while engaged in procuring specimens of some prized nocturnal insect, had once narrowly escaped being lost to the world of science through his engrossment leading him into the proximity of a running herd.

It must be borne in mind that I have spoken throughout in the past tense, and of times and facts whereof I have known, for I do not want to be misleading. Fallacies have got into print about the cowboy as a class, and have become popular; spectres have been raised that should be laid. A gun he owned: a great big six-chambered 45 Colts, which he called a "cutter," and could use to good purpose on objectionable animals from snakes upwards, generally holding it with both hands when he aimed, and often dropping on his knee to shoot. He did not, however, make a regular practice of carrying it. Commonly it reposed in his blanket-roll in the wagon, whence it might only be pulled out when there was a possibility of a question rising as to the ownership of a brand. Were a census of the pocket-pistol taken today in sundry corners of the States, it would be found that the concealed weapon is nearly as much affected there now as it was on the wild prairie. Neither was it a customary thing for him to get uproarious in the little towns he visited, shooting them full of rat-holes and interfering with the lighting system, perforating hat-crowns, and the heads inside if the hat was a snug fit, &c. Sometimes he came, he saw, and he just went away again. He could, and did, drink at times freely, but it was often of lager, that filled without flooring or frenzying. He dissipated his greenbacks in various unprofitable ways. Liquor was not a besetting sin. If the romancers drew his early likeness truly, I have but to say "Ichabod."

Western cattle-ranching goes on today in modified shapes and forms, in various districts between the Yukon and the Rio Grande. It has been upon

Blackwood's Magazine.

the steady decline, of course, albeit the cow herself, these days, has soared in price—nigh over the moon, old-timers probably think. It used to be the saying, "once a puncher always a puncher"; and indeed it was a well-known thing that a man who had followed the long-horn cow and rambled her ranges, was apt to drift back there. Even city-reared men would do so. This return to the range has been set down to a peculiar glamor of the cowboy life. But, after all, is it not the old tale over again? May not the desire to return be prompted by the same thing that governs untold numbers of close-to-nature dwellers, in less advanced parts of the earth, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand; "existens" who feel satisfied only in their native surroundings, the wonders and beauties of which, though so essential to their being, they are incapable of realizing or even seeing? To them the primrose is but the yellow primrose; the prairie dog but the "yalla" prairie dog. Yet remove them from their sphere, and nothing short of forcible bodily detention will keep them from going back. Is it not the same thing that impels, in the highest developed and most cultured of humanity, the craving at intervals for the unartificial scenes of the savage? Is it not but the self-same instinct that is shared by the professor and the shockingly unenlightened Amoeba, the same animal mother-earth-loving instinct, the date of whose remote origin was like enough speculated upon by society in the era of the cave? An ex-cowpuncher, who has odd yearnings when the spring grass comes, and when some old-remembered *vanz des vaches* once more returns to his ear, leaves the question with you.

J. P.

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER IV.

Opposite the house, beyond the broad sloping lawn, there was a break in the flower-border and a path leading to an arch under the chestnut trees. It looked as though there should be a bridge over the Bourne behind the chestnuts, and I crossed the lawn to see. Sure enough, a gate in the garden fence opened on to a plank bridge, and beyond the plank bridge across the road lay the path across the fields to the church. From the road you could not see the church, for the path for some way lay alongside an old brick wall which I guessed to belong to the Grange kitchen-garden; there were the tops of apple-trees and pear-trees above it, and beyond the trees the chimneys of the gardener's cottage. I walked up the path to the corner of the wall, but there was no one in sight; I could see the gray flint tower and the red roof of the church among elms and yews on the road to Arden St. Mary, and I stood at the corner of the wall and waited; there were larks wild in the blue above me, there was a quiver of vapor along the drills of the young wheat, and I stood listening to the singing. To know what country air can be you must spend working days in London; you must get the reek of London mud into your lungs, and the smoke of the tugs coming up from the Pool, and the steam of malt breweries and sweating horses; you must have the rattle of omnibuses in your ears, and the roll of printing-presses; you must breathe the heat of grill-rooms and oiled machinery and packed theatres—and then go out on ploughed land in a March sun after rain and listen to larks singing.

I had not long to wait. The gate at the far side of the field opened, and

the children came through it—three figures easily recognized. I walked up the path to meet them, and they were perhaps a hundred yards away when the two boys stopped short, started to run forward, discovered at the same moment that prayer-books were hindrances to those about to run, pressed their prayer-books on their sister, and raced down the path towards me. They ran almost level, for the smaller boy was quicker for his size; Murray led by a little when his hat blew off, and he checked; Allen passed him, Allen's hat blew off and he took not the slightest notice; Murray rushed forward again, and the two pulled up dead level, without breath and without hats.

"My hat blew off," panted Murray.

"So did my hat blow off," panted Allen.

"But I stopped to pick it up."

"You didn't pick it up."

"But I stopped. I tell you."

"I didn't stop. You didn't beat me, anyhow."

"But——"

I said it had been a most interesting race, and it would have been difficult to tell what might not have happened if Murray's hat had not flown off just when it did and Allen's immediately after it. This appeared to strike them as a novel view of the case; and as their sister walked up at the moment with two hats and two prayer-books, they took the hats and regarded the muddy brims without emotion. Their sister wished me good morning, and replaced the handkerchief with which Allen was about to clean his hat brim.

"Well, which of you has asked?" she said.

Murray turned quickly and gazed

at Allen; Allen dropped his hat and gazed at Murray. They stood facing each other. Then they turned at the same moment and looked eagerly up at me.

"I quite forgot all about it," they both exclaimed at once.

"About what?"

"About asking you to dinner," said Murray.

"About your coming to dinner," explained Allen. "Because you are coming, aren't you?"

"If your sister—" I began.

"I can't think why ever you go on calling her our sister, and Miss Grace, and things like that," went on Allen, the invitation apparently having been made and accepted. "Everybody calls her Peggy. He's to call you Peggy, isn't he?"

"Of course," said Peggy.

It remained only to inquire the hour and the day.

"Why, to-day, of course. Now. When we get home. Let's race home." Allen once more found his prayer-book a burden. I offered to carry all books.

"But then, how will you run?" I was asked. I explained that for years past I had given up the practice of racing to meals.

"You see, he's always in such a hurry," commented Murray. "He wants to do everything immediately he thinks of it. He didn't think about your coming to dinner till in church, when we got to one of the times when he generally does think of things."

"It was the We-beseech time," observed Allen.

"Yes. Well, when it comes to the We-beseech time—that's what he calls it—and you know it's going to be a long while, Allen nearly always thinks of something, and this time he thought of you, and he whispered to me couldn't we ask you to dinner, and I said we must ask Peggy, and then

he became very restless, and Peggy had to share prayer-books with him, else I shouldn't wonder if he'd have said something right out loud, and then Mrs. Band would have——"

"Oh, Murray," said Peggy, "you mustn't!"

"But she would have. You know she would," persisted Murray; and I was left to speculate upon Mrs. Band's probable course of procedure. When I met her a week or two later I saw at once that Murray was right. She would have. But we were now coming close to the house. We crossed the lawn, and it occurred to me that Sunday dinner at the "Feathers" awaited me."

"I'll run and tell them," cried Allen.

"Then you'll be late for dinner," Murray reminded him.

"Oh!" said Allen, returning.

Peggy thought. "I know," she said. "If you just run back across the lawn you'll meet Jenny Ann—that's the maid, you know—she came out from church early just behind us. You can tell her."

The two boys were off; there was a shout behind the trees, "*He doesn't want any dinner!*" followed by other shouts of explanation, and they returned.

"Now run up quick and wash your hands," Peggy told them. Allen drew off a glove and surveyed speckless knuckles.

"I shouldn't think—" he began critically. Murray glanced at him, and then at me.

"He always begins like that, you know," he observed. And then Drucie—that's Mrs. Drury, I mean, you know—she always says "If they're not dirty now they soon will be," and so he goes and washes again, you see. She says before meals his hands are safest in the water or near it. And Miss Lovejoy says——"

"Now run up quick," said Peggy again.

"I'll be down first, to ring the bell," Allen called back, halfway up the stairs.

I strolled out again through the open door and stood on the step of the porch in the sunshine and quiet. You could hear across the lawn the hum of bees in the almonds beyond the flower border. The sun was near one o'clock; I glanced at my watch. Suddenly the hall behind me was filled with an appalling clangor. A dinner-bell, then another dinner-bell; two dinner-bells crashed, clashed, clattered ding-dong. I started round; there was a flying black frock and ribbons, and two arms were stayed and two bells lowered.

"Oh, you dreadful boys!" sighed Peggy with her hair tumbled across her face, holding a wrist in each hand. The bells were surrendered; she shook her hair back, and the ringers faced each other.

"I said I'd ring the bell," claimed Allen.

"But I got it and rang it," urged Murray.

"Well, I got the servants' bell, then."

"Well, I rang mine first."

"Oh, you dreadful boys!" sighed Peggy.

We went in to lunch. Murray sat on one side of an oblong table; Peggy took a chair at the bottom of the table, where there was a chicken; I was honored with the head of the table and with beef. Anne, it was explained, was too young to come down to dinner; Anne was with John upstairs.

"Why, we've got a clean cloth," observed Allen. "Isn't Monday, is it?"

"'Course it isn't Monday! It's because he's here. We used to have a clean cloth always on Sunday, you know," explained Murray to me. "Only

you see Miss Lovejoy isn't here on Sundays, so Peggy thought it was best to keep the dirty cloth for Sunday and begin the clean one for Miss Lovejoy on Monday. You see, Miss Lovejoy says—"

Vegetables handed to Murray engrossed his careful attention. Allen watched him.

"Generally I make a splash with a clean cloth," he observed with a detached air.

Murray went on to explain matters. "You see, Miss Lovejoy is our governess. And she comes here on Monday morning and stays till Friday evening, and then she goes home. And then, of course, we just do what we like."

"And what do you do?" I asked.

"Oh, well, all sorts of things, you know. Peggy lets us. She comes with us. Fishing, and rowing, and riding the pony, and once we went bathing, and Peggy taught us to swim."

"I'm sure I didn't," laughed Peggy. "Why, I can't swim myself."

"You can," said Allen; "you can do everything."

"You know," Murray went on, "Peggy teaches us much better than Miss Lovejoy. Lessons, I mean. Without any marks either."

"Without any marks?" I asked.

"Yes, Miss Lovejoy gives us marks, you know. Six, for different things. Conduct marks, you know."

"Six marks for conduct?"

"Yes. At least not all exactly for conduct. They're for attention, punctuality, order, temper—let's see, temper, and——"

"Deporment," put in Allen.

"Oh yes, deporment. And good conduct. That makes six." He went over them again.

"Then good conduct has a mark by itself?" I asked.

"Yes. You see, six for conduct is

full marks, only you don't often get that. You lose them one by one. Generally you have four, or sometimes three—except Allen, of course," he added.

"But Peggy——" I began.

Peggy laughed across at me.

"Oh, Peggy doesn't have marks. She teaches us, some of the time. And she does different things—French and mathematics, and real history—not questions, you know. She doesn't have marks taken off for conduct; that's only me and Allen—Allen and me, I mean."

"So you have them taken off one by one, do you?"

"Yes. Punctuality, you see. When you come in late, or you don't begin soon enough, or you stand about before sitting down, or you don't begin because you can't find the book. That might be order, though. Order's very difficult. If you leave a thing lying about, or you let your pen stay in the ink and then your sleeve catches in it, or you tilt your chair over backwards. That's all order. Then there's attention. Suppose you were repeating something and you stopped and said something else. Or suppose you were doing sums and you jumped down from the table to stamp on a wasp or a thing like that. That'd be attention."

"Deportment—what is that?"

"Oh well! Deportment's a sort of manners, really. Deportment's often when you're out for a walk, or when Miss Lovejoy comes on Monday. Allen generally loses his deportment mark first thing on Monday. He comes in without wiping his boots, you know, or he brings something he had forgotten out of his pocket."

"Is that deportment?"

"Yes. Once he pulled out a rat's tail, at least part of one, because he thought it was his pencil. Then of course he lost his order mark, too, be-

cause he couldn't find his pencil, and then his temper mark, of course, and if you lose your temper mark of course you lose your good conduct mark too; and then when she told him that, of course he said it wasn't fair, so she took away all his marks——"

"What, punctuality and everything?"

"Oh yes. He got nought for conduct before we'd even begun lessons. But he often gets nought, don't you, Allen?"

"Yes," said Allen thoughtfully.

"And then what happens if you get nought for conduct?" I asked.

"Nothing. You just get nought. In a book," said Allen. "Then she adds it up at the end of the day."

"There!" exclaimed Murray. "That's one thing, you know. He's always calling Miss Lovejoy 'she.' And she says——"

This time he was interrupted by finding it necessary to choose between cornflour shape and apple pie. Allen, with the same choice before him at the end of the table, appeared to lose sight of objects in his immediate neighborhood, and indicated his desire for apple by a swift movement which directed the contents of his tumbler towards the pie.

"Oh, dear!" said Peggy resignedly. A plate and a cloth raised a damp hump at which Allen stared abstractedly. His attention being drawn to his apple pie, he ate it in a workmanlike silence. Oranges succeeded apple; Anne and John, appearing in the doorway, demanded dessert without speech; Anne was a credit to her age and sex with a spoon; John sat on his sister's knee and gazed with large eyes over the rim of an orange.

"What are we going to do this afternoon?" asked Allen suddenly.

"What's he going to do, you mean," corrected Murray.

"Then what are you, please?" asked Allen.

"I've got to go back to London," said I.

"This afternoon?"

"But not for ever? Why, *he*," exclaimed Murray, indicating his brother with an extended palm, "he's planned all sorts of things for you and us to do. We thought—we thought——"

"Then can't you come back?" interrupted Allen. "Come back to-morrow."

I explained the difficulty of traveling backwards and forwards daily from a country village on a five-hour journey. Should I come down again next week? I asked, and it was agreed that I should.

"You make plans for the afternoon," I told Allen, "and then I'll do whatever you plan."

"But—but——" began Murray, clenching his fists and shaking them up and down in distress. "But we can't. We've got to go to tea next Saturday."

"Well?" said I.

"With Mrs. Band—with Mrs. Band," lamented Murray.

"Never mind," I said, "I'll come too. I'll go with you to tea with Mrs. Band."

"But you don't understand. When you go to tea with Mrs. Band you have to go early in the afternoon and walk about the garden till the bell rings, and then after tea you have to sit still and play games till it's time to shake hands and say you've enjoyed yourself, and it simply takes all the afternoon and all the evening," said Murray.

"But it shan't," I said. "We'll go late and come away early, and I'll tell Mrs. Band it's all my fault, and we'll have our own plans and do what we like."

The boys regarded me with respectful doubt. Peggy glanced at the

clock and her eyes were dancing. "When is your train?" she asked. "I could drive you down to the station if you would like it."

"Of course I would like it," I said, and then remembered it was Sunday.

"But it doesn't matter if you don't have James out," Murray assured me. "Peggy says it doesn't. We put the pony in, you see, and then James cleans the cart to-morrow."

They ran off, and their sister took the younger children upstairs. I was to be ready in half an hour, I was told, so as to pick up my bag at the "Feathers" and order off the "Feathers" fly on the way; and in half an hour I found the pony cart at the door, and Peggy with a gray coat over her black frock and the reins in a black-gloved hand. The boys trotted by the side of the cart down the drive, and stood waving caps at the gate. When we had left the "Feathers" and were out on the road to the station, she turned and gazed gravely at me.

"Do you think it matters, not wearing mourning?" she asked.

"But aren't you wearing mourning?"

"Oh. I don't mean myself. I was thinking of the children. I'm different, of course. But do you think it matters about the others?"

"Of course not," I said. "I don't myself think it matters about anybody; but then, you see, that isn't what most people think."

"You can't really put children into black," she went on. "At least, I don't think you ought to. When they're so young they ought to be just thinking about children's things, and not difficult and puzzling things."

"I had no one to ask," she went on. "Mr. Brace—he's our family lawyer over at Warbridge—of course he's very kind, but—but you know him, don't you? And Miss Lovejoy, you

see—you haven't met Miss Lovejoy. have you?"

I said I hoped I might meet Miss Lovejoy next week. Peggy looked at me quickly.

"That's another thing I have to think about," she said, seriously. "The children's education. Now, Miss Lovejoy, of course, has been our governess for a long time. She was my governess when I was a child. I still do some things with her—French and German, and so on. But she doesn't really—she isn't—she can't——" Peggy's straight brows knitted.

"She can't teach," I suggested. Peggy nodded.

"It seems unkind to say so," she said. "But, you know, really she can't manage the boys. She's a dear, you know, in some ways, and she's as kind as she can be, but she simply can't manage them. Why, Allen the other day——" She broke off and laughed, and I found myself laughing with her. It was the most infectious thing when Peggy laughed. She shook her head back and swept the hair from her eyes, and began with a mischievous chuckle which was the oddest contradiction to her serious straight brows and her talk of the children's education. If she were to forget now and then that she was an elder sister, I wondered, would Miss Lovejoy's task be any easier? But then she would not forget. I knew that the transgressing Allen had not heard her laugh.

"You see, that's one of the difficulties," she went on. "Of course, I know they must go to school soon, and I ought really to be choosing the school. But then I don't know anything about boys' schools, and I've had no one to ask about them. It was no use asking my father, you see. I did once, but of course it was no good."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he just didn't say anything. He looked at me, and said, 'Yes, yes,' you know. He always did that when he wasn't thinking of what you were saying. But of course, really, he never understood about children, especially boys. So I didn't know what to do," said Peggy.

"But I don't understand," I said. "Were you going to choose the school, and send the boys, all by yourself?"

"There's no one else," said Peggy.

"But then, were you—how about paying the bills?"

"Mr. Brace would pay the bills. He has always managed my father's money and seen after the bills. I just pay the wages, that's all—and the books, of course."

"The servants' wages?"

"Of course," said Peggy.

"Then didn't your father——" I began, and realized that I need not ask the question.

"He would never have remembered," said Peggy simply. "You see, my mother used to pay the wages, of course. But I used to help her, and she used to send me to pay the books, and so it was quite easy. I tell Mr. Brace how much I shall want each week, you see, and then he sends a clerk over on Saturday morning."

We turned the corner of the road, and the station signals showed in the distance.

"Well, next Saturday——" I began. Peggy's eyes were dancing.

"Do you mean—are you really going to come with us to Mrs. Band's to tea?"

"I'm going to take you all. Late," I said: "very late, I expect. My train doesn't come in till after four, you see."

"Oh, what will she say?" chuckled Peggy. But her eyes were dark and serious when we stopped at the station and she shook hands with me.

And the train took me through the quiet fields towards London wondering how much of careless childhood the last two years had held for her. The mistress of a household must set a mistress's example, evidently; and

I thought of her driving the pony back to the Grange, puzzling over the problem of the boys' schooling, and with the servants' wages to be reckoned up next Saturday.

Eric Parker.

(To be continued.)

THE SON OF WATERLOO.

BY GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON, D.C.L.

The sons of great men do not generally get a square deal in this world of ours. They are too often contrasted with their illustrious sires rather than with the average man. In this way the American sons of Calhoun, Clay, and Webster all suffered. But a more striking instance of this species of injustice was presented in the case of the eldest son and heir of the great Duke of Wellington, who was too often alluded to as a "nonentity," as only "celebrated for his quarrels with his famous father," and as "Wellington the Little." He was also sometimes called "The Son of Waterloo," with which title he was never displeased. As a matter of fact the second Duke was an amiable, accomplished, scholarly and warm-hearted English gentleman, very much his distinguished father's superior in those and in many other respects, who, had he been so minded, might have played a more important part in his long life. Except the late Duke of Argyll, there was no contemporary British nobleman of that rank who was the peer of Arthur Richard Wellesley, second Duke of Wellington. His memory was extraordinary, and held firmly and unfailingly with everything in any way connected with English history during the nineteenth century, including such events as the capture of the always unfortunate *Chesapeake*, which he distinctly remembered, and the battle of New Orleans, in which his uncle General Sir Ed-

ward Pakenham, the English commander, was mortally wounded. The hero of that famous American victory, the only important one gained on land during the war, the Duke thought to his dying day to be among the greatest of American generals.

It is not, of course, claimed by the present writer that the subject of this brief appreciation was a great soldier like the "Iron Duke," but then he had no opportunity of displaying military powers, had he possessed them. The Crimean War came in 1854, two years after he had succeeded to his father's title and estates in England, Belgium, and Spain, and had retired with the rank of lieutenant-general. Neither had he an opportunity of exhibiting his ability as a statesman, for, as he remarked to the writer, "he did not dare to disagree with his arbitrary father," and when the venerable Duke died the son was too old—so at least he thought—to enter public life with any probability of success. As a conversationalist he was charming, combining with delightful talk good powers of repartee and admirable gifts as a raconteur, holding his own among such clever men as his friends Charles Lever, Sir William H. Russell, and Henry Irving, and possessing an apparently inexhaustible stock of excellent stories of his illustrious father, as well as many important facts connected with his public career which have not been fully understood, or correctly re-

ported by the biographers and the writers of Wellington's period.

A single instance will suffice. It has been deemed a stain on the character of the great commander that he did not save the life of Marshal Ney. This is undeserved, as the son assured me that his father tried his utmost privately to save the heroic soldier, but owing to the refusal of the King of France's Ministers to assent to Wellington's request, he, as a matter of duty, abstained from publicly asking the favor from the Bourbon Louis XVIII. To add to the difficulty of the Duke's position in his efforts to save Ney, he had been insulted by the King, and he was well aware that his own Government did not desire any interference by him on behalf of the gallant French field-marshal, in whose life of consummate skill and dauntless courage so many were interested.

A marked feature of the second Duke's character was his beautiful devotion to the memory of his father. At his own cost he erected at Stratfield Saye a column of polished gray granite nearly one hundred feet high, surmounted by a noble marble statue of the "Iron Duke," by Marochetti. On the grave of his father's favorite chestnut charger he placed, in 1890, a fine monument with the following inscription from his own pen:

"Here lies Copenhagen, the horse ridden by the Duke of Wellington on the entire day of the Battle of Waterloo. Born 1808. Died 1828.

God's humble instrument, though meaner clay,
Should share the glory of that glorious day."

Much of the second Duke's leisure time during the last two decades of his seventy-seven years was devoted to editing the voluminous dispatches, correspondence, and public speeches of Napoleon's conqueror, a copy of which, in thirty-three octavo volumes,

he gave me, together with other memorials of the illustrious soldier such as portraits, autograph letters, and a precious lock of hair, now worn in a ring combined with small strands of Washington's, Hamilton's, Napoleon's, Lincoln's and Grant's. While spending several days with my family at Stratfield Saye during the last September that the Duke was to be numbered among the living, he told us that almost nothing in the mansion was in any way changed from what it had been in his father's time, and also that a majority of the retainers in his large household had been in the service of his father, who had died more than thirty years before. A fine portrait of Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, occupied a place of honor in the drawing-room, having been hung there by the great Duke, whose hero he was, admired by him above all others of ancient or modern days.

Arthur Richard Wellesley was born in London on February 3, 1807. With his younger brother, Lord Charles Wellesley, he was educated at Eton. For some not very serious scrape, in which the young marquis and his brother became involved, the Duke, then considered the greatest man living, advised a sound flogging, adding in his letter to Dr. Keate, the Master, "and I will ride over and see that it is properly administered," "which he did," said the elder victim to the writer. From Eton Lord Douro entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1823 he joined the Rifle Brigade. In 1834 he became colonel and went on half-pay; from 1842 to 1852 he was aide-de-camp to his father, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Ten years later he was appointed lieutenant-general. For some time previous the second Duke had been known as one of the most active advocates of the volunteer movement. He was for several years a member of

the House of Commons, but took no part in debate, and was Master of the Horse under Lord Derby, who also bestowed upon him the Lord-Lieutenancy of Middlesex and created him Knight of the Order of the Garter. The Duke married in 1839 Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale and sister of Lady Peel, the most beautiful woman of her day in England. In August 1884 he went to Brighton for his health, and died there suddenly from disease of the heart on the 13th of that month.

Six days later he was buried at Stratfield Saye; and he now sleeps by the side of his mother and brother in the family vault of the little church on the estate. Among those present at the funeral was his own and his father's friend and biographer, the Rev. George R. Gleig, ex-chaplain-general of the British Army, who was the last survivor of the commissioned officers of the British service who took part in the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815.

Writing to me on August 27, the venerable chaplain of fourscore and ten said: "I can well believe, my dear General, that the tidings of our old friend's sudden death came upon you, as it did upon me, with terrible force. To me he was a friend of more than half a century's standing, and you may judge how keenly I felt his loss. The Duke lies in a vault under that aisle of the church where we first met." Apropos of Gleig I may be permitted to mention that, like the second Duke, he was a great admirer of Andrew Jackson. On one occasion when we met at dinner, and the conversation drifted to the successful soldiers of the Civil War, the writer mentioned Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and the Confederates Johnston, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, as six great American generals; the chaplain replied: "Oh, yes, no doubt they were

distinguished commanders, but they don't compare to General Jackson," and I failed to convince the old soldier that they did. Gleig fought as a captain at New Orleans, before he became a chaplain, and was the last survivor of those entitled to wear the Peninsula medal.

Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington, the daughter-in-law of the great Duke, survived her husband for two decades, dying at the age of eighty-four. The old hero was greatly attached to his beautiful daughter-in-law, and she accompanied him on his last visit to Waterloo. The historic painting by Sir Edward Landseer, now in the National Gallery, represents them riding on horseback over the battlefield and the Duke indicating the various points of interest to her. The Duchess was among the most distinguished ladies of the Court of Queen Victoria, and for many years was her Mistress of the Robes. She was only nineteen when she married the Marquis of Douro. He was intimate with many of his literary contemporaries, including Sir Walter Scott and Lord Brougham, and in one of the following letters gives an entirely new view of the character of Sydney Smith. The extracts from his correspondence include opinions of the American and British Governments, the Germans as soldiers, with criticisms of current events, as well as judgments on men and books which are of interest, coming from an accomplished man of more than average ability combined with exalted rank.

Writing on June 17, 1882, from Stratfield Saye House, where by advice of his physician the second Duke spent most of his days during the last decade of his life, he says:

"As you kindly take an interest in what belongs to my father, I wish you to have an opportunity of studying his career in the best manner, and

therefore send this letter of explanation. Colonel Gurwood many years ago persuaded my father to allow him to publish the letters written by the Duke during the war, i.e., to 1815. Great fault was found with this publication, which was deprived of much interest because no answers were included in the work. These my 'Supplementary dispatches' contain, and not only the replies, but much that my father did not consider discreet to publish at that time.

"Besides that Gurwood obtained many letters from Ireland and elsewhere which were not comprised in the original publication. In consequence of this Gurwood published another edition, which I take the liberty of sending to you.

"The proper way to read the work is to take the 'Dispatches' and the 'Supplementary Dispatches' together according to dates. There are some letters published in the 'Dispatches,' and also in the 'Supplementary,' and between the two nothing is omitted. This duplication is owing to the fact that the 'Supplementary' are in the same form as Gurwood's original edition, which is now out of print, and the edition of which I now send you an example contains much more. The duty and discretion of Editor was much lightened by not having to omit anything which would have been to my father's discredit. I may add that the work is rather one of reference and not worth reading through as you would one of Sir Walter's novels... Pray forgive my coarse pen, as I am compelled to write thickly on account of my remaining eye."

In September the Duke remarks: "As you are going to Italy I take the liberty of introducing you to my friend Temple Leader. As a young man he was radical M.P. for Westminster, but has deserted politics for nearly forty years. I knew him first as a

friend of Brougham. . . . I don't care for a man's origin or opinions, provided he is a gentleman, honest and sensible. I am sure you will admire much that is to be seen in Spain and other more sunny countries than ours. When in Italy you will observe at Florence, and afterwards at Rome, the records of two different civilizations. As for Florence, you cannot be in better hands than those of Mr. Leader, who has known the city for at least twenty years. There is a novel written by Ouida, called 'Pascarel,' which is the best guide-book to Florence I know anything of. 'Pascarel' informed me of many things which I should like to have known when I was there. I cordially wish you and your ladies an amusing, profitable and prosperous journey."

In October the Duke writes: "I avail myself of another hand kindly placed at my disposal, as I am not yet permitted to read or write. I dare say, my dear General, you will remember my sight was very indifferent when you were at Stratfield Saye. It went on from bad to worse, until at last it became absolutely necessary that I should undergo an operation which I did a few days ago with perfect success.

"Should my letter arrive in season I venture to suggest that the book written by our friend Gleig, called the 'Subaltern,' will be the best guide to the battles in the south of France, and perhaps also those in the north of Spain. Apropos of the battle of Vittoria I may send you an account of the conversation held by Rogers, the poet, with my father. 'General Clausel was at Logroero on his way to join Jourdan at Vittoria, and just previous to the battle the Spanish innkeeper, who was opposed to the French, rode into the British lines (eighteen miles) and said that Clausel intended to stop all day. Upon which, knowing that

the French would keep their communication open with Clausel, whom they expected immediately and who was upon their left, I made a feint to strengthen my right. The French weakened their centre for the purpose of keeping their communications with Clausel. Then I threatened the communication with France, which was on their right: then, to keep open their communications with France, they still further weakened their centre. I then attacked the centre, and took everything, even the cages of the ladies' parrots.' I could tell you," adds the Duke, "other stories, but will keep them until we meet.

"Respecting Parisian French, it is not good. It is spoken better at Lausanne, in Switzerland, where the Prince of Wales has just taken his two sons. . . . There is a fir tree grows on the Ronda Mountains of Spain, near Gibraltar, called 'Prim-sapo,' which I believe grows nowhere else, and which is worth taking to New York with you. You will also observe in Spain and Algeria a beautiful flowering vine known as bougainville, which bears a large blue flower in November and December."

In April 1883 Wellington's son writes: "I have just received the seeds and have committed them to the tender mercies of the gardener. I live in expectation, and should like as the children do, to dig them up every day to see if they are growing.¹ . . . Our committee on the new site for the Wellington statue on the Marble Arch (which has been taken down) I hope have settled it for the Horse Guards parade opposite. The truth is the statue is not an admirable one, and the artistic members of the committee would not wish, for their own credit, to place an ugly statue at the fine en-

¹ Sixteen years later the third Duke wrote: "The little grove of trees grown from American nuts sent to my uncle are thriving at Stratfield Saye, and when again in England, you must come and see them."

trance to London. I daresay the 'people' whom, of course, you adore, will not see the merit of this objection. . . . You Americans would manage both Ireland and Natal: but our Government cannot.

"If Count Pahlen, of whom you write, is the same person that I used to know very well, he is the son of the Count who strangled the Emperor Paul, and a most interesting man. The worst of a Russian is that they are not permitted to live abroad unless they do some dirty and disagreeable work for their government. However, I can well understand their permitting your venerable friend, who is intimate with our Prince, the Count de Paris, Argyll, Gladstone, and all the other notabilities now at Cannes, to live abroad for the purpose of convincing the world that Russians are not 'Bears.' Besides, the son of a regicide is unpleasant company at home."

In June the Duke writes as usual from Stratfield Saye: "You will now have pretty well done the Old World, and it reminds me of the saying 'Go and see with what folly the world is governed.' Why? Because those who govern do so in accordance with the prejudices of those whom they govern. If they did not, they would not be obeyed. Then comes a corollary. This must go on until those who are governed are so well informed as to wish to be governed sensibly and virtuously. Utopia!

"I knew the late Lord Rokeby to whom you refer very well. At the time of the battle of Waterloo, he was a great dandy. . . . I send you letters to Sir John Lumley, our minister to Belgium, and to the Duc d'Arenberg—I must tell you the story of my connection with the latter. His grandfather, I believe, was an officer in the French army in Spain, and he was accused of breaking his parole. My father cleared him, and afterward the

Duc d'Arenberg managed my father's estate in Belgium, and his descendant does so now for me. If you see him, I hope you will express my gratitude and regard. Monsieur de Staedler, to whom I also enclose a note, is his cashier and secretary.

"The Germans are now, in my judgment, by far the best troops in the Old World. The German soldiers we had in Spain were much more highly thought of than our own. I envy you your acquaintance with Field-Marshal Von Moltke, and your good fortune in seeing the manoeuvres of the German Guard. I daresay on the sea we might still do something; for our nation cares more for the sea than land forces, and there is not the same nibbling about the expense of the navy as about the army: nor is there the same difficulty in recruiting the navy. I trace it from the freebooters Hawkins and Blake.

"My eye may be stronger than when I saw you, but it is a very bad eye. As for my health, I am philosophic, and bear my infirmities. Gleig was here just now and is, as I am, anxious to shake hands with you at Stratfield Saye. Your room is catching cold in your absence."

In October the Son of Waterloo writes: "In truth I am a great admirer of your country. That which strikes me most is the loyalty of every American to your institutions. It is that which makes your great country so powerful. But you have a rock to be wrecked upon, *viz.* the enormous corruptions; and the most virtuous of presidents cannot correct it, because it is as great in the United States as in the British Empire. However, we in Europe must not throw stones at the States."

In November the Duke writes: "It was very kind of you to send me the New York paper containing the account of Henry Irving's reception and also

the two cuttings regarding the Army mule and Lord Coleridge. The whole of Irving's reception and the speeches pleased me very much, and I must acknowledge that you do these things in America better than we do them. The story of the mule does credit to General Sherman and to your government, and I should think that the cutting, if sent to the English government, would most worthily put them to shame. They would say in defence of themselves that the people of England entrusted them with the management of their property, that they might manage it as economically as possible, without any regard to generosity.

"I agree with the Government of the United States that the government ought to administer the funds properly and that anything done no more than properly is economical. I own I doubt the propriety of preventing those officers at the Post from doing an act of private charity by sustaining the aged mule at their own expense. The story of the mule reminds me of one of an Egyptian Pasha who had done excellent service. He was rewarded with a pension and he told a friend of mine that the Government could so ill afford it that he knew he should not have it long. And sure enough he was poisoned in six months!"

Of Mexique Sherman wrote:

I have seen that mule, and whether true or false the soldiers believe he was left at Big Springs, where Mount Vernon Barracks now are, at the time General Jackson's army camped there about 1819 or 1820. Tradition says he was once sorrel; but is now white with age. The Quartermaster's Department will be chargeable with ingratitude if that mule is sold, or the maintenance of it is thrown on the charitable officers of the post. I advise he be kept in the Department, fed, and maintained till death. I think the mule was at Fort Morgan, Mobile Point, when I was there in 1842.

When this statement reached Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War, in October 1883, he issued the following order: "Let this mule be kept and cared for at public expense as long as he lives." The faithful animal, who had never missed a day's work and was probably half a century old, enjoyed the pension bestowed on him by President Lincoln's son for almost three years.

Writing in March 1884 the second Duke says: "...is a very good writer, but exceedingly unscrupulous. It was part of the Tory doctrine fifty years ago, that the Americans could be right in nothing, and I have often heard at that time forebodings that they could not possibly hang together. You have settled all these questions by your war between the North and the South. Everybody now admires the fidelity of the people to their institutions and the self-denial and humanity of the Union afterward. In former days you were but a troublesome, dangerous and rebellious people; now you are a settled and powerful nation, and will always be treated as such. I account for your meeting with scant justice from England in the past, by the great dangers and inconveniences which we had to bear from the proximity and phenomenal success of your free institutions. We were certainly wrong in giving refuge to those scoundrels who wished at one time to disturb the French Empire, and we are not a little displeased that the Irish dynamiters are protected in America. If in any way this mischief can be thwarted you will find us your most obedient humble servants of the States, even at the risk of popularizing your Government.

"It is not so easy to prove a negative, but I do not remember the word 'glory' in any of my father's sayings, writings or dispatches; I may here add, as I think I have said to you before, that my father's particular

admiration was for General Washington, the modesty of whose truly noble character particularly pleased him.

"As regards the Wellington statue, we must take what we can get. Everybody would like the old statue to remain; but it is so intolerably bad that it could not be left in the best site of all London without exposing the admirers of olden time to continual jeering and ridicule. It is, therefore, to go to Aldershot, and a new statue more worthy of the situation is to be made by Boehm. It is as well that I should state that, should the present statue be left in London, the Government refuses to allow of another: that is to say, of the multiplication, near the same locality, of statues to the same individual. This I hope will be done; but it is impossible to say what a shilly-shally Government like ours will do.

"I knew the late Lord Hertford very well. He was a quiet and respectable man; not so his two predecessors, who are cousins of his. Neither of them, however, as you suppose, died by breaking his neck. The story of the neck-breaking was true of the late Duke of Hamilton, who really fell down some steps and broke his neck thereby, being hurried into Elysium, of which the ladies of the ballet had already given him a glimpse. The story of the allusion to hanging was due to Lord Wellesley who, when Paul had prosecuted him in the House of Commons for his government in India and afterward committed suicide, said 'he thought that Paul would have died by a more honorable hand.'

"The engravings have arrived, and are as free from the smallest rumple as if they had come a few miles by hand, instead of three thousand. The one which I know best is, of course, that of my father, which is simply admirable. I know the drawing very

well from which it is taken. Lawrence was certainly an extraordinarily good draughtsman. Those of William of Orange and Napoleon are also admirable."

In April: "The article that you have sent me opens up a large question. A soldier is an instrument of force, and anything which can bring him to bear is as good as another soldier coming to his assistance. Upon this principle a soldier's shoes should be attended to, his clothing, lodging in peace and war, in short everything which makes him more available saves the State the expense of other soldiers in support. It is astonishing to me, a civilian in fact, but with more than ordinary military instincts, that so little is done to make the soldiers, who at present exist by payment, feeding and clothing by the State, so little available for active use. The point principally to be attended to is their shooting, which, in England at least, and I believe in the whole world, is lamentably bad. It would be easy for anyone accustomed to shoot wild animals to rectify their errors, but unfortunately red tape here prevails, as it does everywhere else, and no one but a man in uniform has a chance of being attended to."

Writing in May the Duke remarks: "I have not a doubt that I shall admire the poetical writings which you are so kind as to send me; indeed, foreign poetry is much more estimable than the production of our own native country: for, as is perfectly natural, writers run in a ruck of the style of their contemporaries, while the production of a foreign country has always something fresh about it."

"The Government is certainly in an awkward position. They let Gordon go under a ridiculous understanding that peaceful means should be used if possible; but they did not sufficiently define what should be done in case that peaceful means were not suffi-

cient. When Gordon arrived on the spot he recommended that Zebehr, the greatest robber and slave-hunter of the whole lot and one against whom we had made war, should be employed in a position of great confidence and trust. The truth was that this Zebehr Pasha has more ability than anyone else, and it is well worth the while of the Egyptian Government to make Zebehr faithful by bribes and otherwise. It is clear that this condition, made by General Gordon, was made under a feeling that he could not otherwise pacify the country: therefore, when the Government refused to allow him to appoint Zebehr, they undertook to do what might be necessary if Gordon's requisitions were not complied with. This they have neglected to do: and they have allowed the season to pass over during which an expedition might have been sent with good prospects of success."

In a June letter the Duke writes: "I was acquainted with Sydney Smith and wish, like yourself, that my acquaintance had been confined to occupying his chair at his son-in-law Sir Henry Holland's dinner table; for I honor cleverness particularly when it is light-hearted and blithesome, but I dislike Sydney Smith: for he was noisy, tyrannical and vulgar. Unfortunately, he had a very loud voice, which he made louder still if anybody but himself attempted to amuse the company. You must not suppose, my dear General, that I ever had any pretensions of the kind in his presence. I was but a young and silent spectator." At an earlier date the Duke had said to me: "Sydney Smith's wit was generally rude and often brutal."

"You are quite right in regard to Massena and my father having met after the Peninsula War. The field-marshal was much flattered by finding his bronze bust among others in the Hall (at Stratfield Saye), and next to

that of his illustrious chief, also by my father remarking: 'You gave me more trouble in Spain than any other of Napoleon's marshals.' 'And you, my lord Duke,' replied the gallant Frenchman, 'frightened me so much during our campaign that every hair on my body turned white.' "

Writing on the last day of July 1884, but a fortnight before his death, the Duke says: "With regard to the Wellington statue, the First Commissioner gave orders to the artillerymen of Aldershot to carry away the statue; but he did not anticipate that the artillerymen would act with military promptitude and without due regard for decency, so that when the First Commissioner arose in the morning, the head of the man was off and ready for transportation. There was no boarding or other screen against the curious eyes of Londoners, so that the First Commissioner had to apologize in the House of Commons for the inadvertent indelicacy. Boehm is employed to make an equestrian statue for the same place, and I am assisting him in every way I can. I think it will be a great success.

"I presume you refer to President Grant, but you may mean General Sherman, for they are both entitled to call themselves your chief. I am exceedingly sorry for so great a misfortune as happening to either. After all, the old laws of the Old World have something to say for themselves. The object of our laws has been, *hitherto*, to prevent such catastrophes as you describe. I always fear for rich Americans; for, in truth, they are not really rich except on paper. Every now and then we have rich mercantile men, contractors and others, ruined in the same manner; but generally they have saved their comfort by a settlement upon their wives of their ill-gotten gains."

At our last dinner at Stratfield Saye,

as mentioned in my diary, the Duke produced one of the few remaining bottles of, I believe, six cases of genuine Johannesberg, given to his father some sixty years previous by Prince Metternich, the owner of the Rhine estate, with which he wished his three departing guests *bon voyage* back to New York. The Duke and the present scribe sat late—long after the others had gone to their rooms or homes—and I had the pleasure of listening to additional anecdotes and incidents of the career of the Great Captain, until his son at length said: "We must halt in our talk and go upstairs. You see we have outsat the evening. 'Tis past twelve, and as Sancho says, 'there's an end to everything but death.' "

What was inscribed on the lofty granite column surmounted by Baron Marochetti's statue of the victor of Waterloo, set up by his eldest son on the estate of Stratfield Saye, "He was ever firm in friendship, and his hand was ever open to the poor," was no less true of Arthur Richard, second Duke of Wellington.

The following anecdotes and incidents, which I find in my diary, were related to the writer by the second Wellington during our last evening at Stratfield Saye, and while some of them may be familiar, they have a certain value as being true, which certainly cannot be said of all the thousands of stories told of the illustrious soldier.

"I see that the enemy broke into the Scotch line to-day," said Wellington at Quatre Bras to the colonel of a Highland regiment. "Aye, sir," was the immediate response, "but you did not see them break out again!" Every man of them had been killed, wounded, or captured.

"My father," said the Duke, "had several narrow escapes from capture in the Peninsular campaign. Once in the battle of Talavera and again be-

fore the engagement at Maya, being surprised by a party of French while examining maps of that region. The latest instance was at Quatre Bras, just before Waterloo, when he was carried away by a retreating force of troops, the enemy's cavalry suddenly charging on its flank, and his only chance of escape was in Copenhagen's speed. Hotly pursued to a ditch, behind which the 92nd Highlanders were posted, with the points of their bayonets bristling over the edge, Wellington as he approached at full speed called to those in front of him to lie down, and his order being obeyed, he leaped his charger across the ditch, pulling up Copenhagen with a satisfied smile, as the regiment poured a volley in the faces of his baffled pursuers. Later in the day the Duke had another horse, which he had mounted, shot under him."

"The historian Lord Stanhope asked Wellington," said his son, "who was present, why in a particular battle in the Peninsular War the French did not move to attack in a certain manner, obviously in the historian's judgment the proper thing to have done, to which promptly came the surprising and crushing reply: 'Because they were not damned fools!'"

Many versions have appeared of the incident of the French field-marshal turning their backs on Wellington in Paris. In answer to my inquiry his son said: "When my father appeared at the French Court of the Restoration after the downfall of Napoleon, the Marshals of the Empire turned their backs on him. The King quickly and politely apologized for their rudeness, 'N'importe, sire, c'est leur habitude,' was my father's prompt reply."

As illustrating the Iron Duke's imperturbable coolness, the son stated

The Cornhill Magazine.

that on one occasion the illustrious soldier was in serious danger of being drowned at sea. It was bedtime when the captain of the ship approached his father saying, "It will soon be all over with us." "Very well," answered Wellington, "then I shall not take off my boots!" And he did not.

There is another anecdote of the Duke, not related to me by his son, showing that he was not always cool as in the above instance. During a sharp encounter in the House of Lords with Brougham, the field-marshal so far forgot himself as to be irritated into saying: "The noble lord will be indebted for remembrance by posterity from the circumstance of a four-wheeled vehicle bearing his name," to which Brougham instantly replied, "And you, my lord duke, will be remembered by a pair of boots!" "Damn the boots," exclaimed Wellington, "I forgot them."

The son said that his father in his old age exhibited his well-preserved and resolute character in many ways: among others was his ability when past fourscore to fill a glass with water or wine to the very brim, and raise it so steadily to his mouth that not a single drop would be spilled.

In conclusion it may be mentioned on the authority of his eldest son that the last time Wellington walked out of Walmer Castle on the afternoon of the day before his death, it was to visit his stable and to give orders to the groom concerning his horses, of which he was always careful. Of course his favorite Copenhagen was always kindly treated in accordance with Wellington's peremptory and affectionate injunction.

"As did beseem the steed which had so oft carried a chief to battle."

THE EXCLUSIVENESS OF JOURNALISTS.

Most of us, especially most of us who are journalists, have realized by this time that the newspaper makes its appeal to a very narrow circle. If my fellow-journalists prefer me to say a very select circle, I will do so. Anyhow, the newspaper is not any of the things which it is generally denounced for being—particularly in the newspaper. It is not the creation of democracy, it is not the mental *pabulum* of the masses (why can't they say "pasture"?), it is not specially suited to the man in the street any more than to the man in the forest, or the man in the mountains; and, above all, it is not suited to the average of mankind counted anyway, up or down or back or forwards or zig-zag or roundabout, or by any other method by which one could come to the totality of a body of separate figures. It is not free speech. It is something much more like a secret language: especially the sort of secret language that is invented by children. Consider that the human multitude consists of many generations, of two sexes (though this is denied by some), of every age and instant, from the cradle to the grave, of every kind of color and race; including some between whom it requires the whole violent strength of the most vivid Christianity to overcome a bodily abhorrence: and then compare the "popularity" of the most popular newspaper with the popularity of almost anything else. Take the chance you would have among all those cross-currents of contrast with nothing but a newspaper, and compare with it the chance you would have with almost any of the older institutions of human pleasure. Compare it with the chance you would have with a fairy tale, or a brass band, or a hymn, or

a toast, or a curse, or even a smoking-room story. I am fairly certain you would find that the language of the modern newspaper was the most limited of human languages, the most unintelligible of human languages, and therefore (I need hardly say) the most aristocratic.

I have spoken of an average; therefore I will really take average examples. I will not ransack the rest of the press for the infinite riches of example or coincidence which it contains. I will take one page of the *Star* (November 11, 1913), which I have just opened as an excuse for putting off the duty of writing this article. I also opened it to find out whether it was really true that the only political idealism left in England is now to be found on the Stock Exchange. It seems to be a fact, though a queer fact. But I take these two or three headlines quite accidentally and fairly from the page at which I happen to be staring. They are all within something like six inches of each other. I ask if there was ever a language less understood of the people: a language more certain to be misunderstood by anybody who happened to be a little older, or a little younger, or a little less or a little more educated, or a little strange to the society, or a little set in the habits of sex or trade, than the secret language of the newspaper.

I take first the headline, "More Lightning Strikes at London Music Halls." I pass over for the moment the fascinating and philosophical question of the phrase "Music Hall." Say the same two words in almost any other language in Europe, and it may mean a place where Bach and Grieg are performed in a profound and classical silence. But we will, as I

say, pass that. "More Lightning Strikes at London Music Halls." My grandfather or great-grandfather, your grandson or great-grandson, would almost certainly read those English words as meaning "More Music Halls in London have been struck by lightning." Before the flying *argot* fades away, I hasten to say that it does not mean this. It means that a number of poor men have remembered that they are free men, and had the sense to assert it suddenly. That is what is meant by "lightning." It is an adjective: but only a very narrow circle of the initiated could possibly guess it was. Just above these words appears in yet larger letters the simple statement, "Down Fiddles." Consider how slight a separation from the slang of newspapers would be needed to make even that mean three or four different things. It might mean that a person named Down was practising the violin. It might mean that a cargo of very valuable violins had arrived from County Down. It might mean that some haughty aristocrat like Tolstoy (who seems to have thought music immoral) had said, "Down Fiddles!" as another aristocrat might say, "Down, Fido!" Exactly how large a proportion of what I mean by the democracy, the human family on this earth, would be certain to find among all these meanings the meaning that was meant? How many men, white, black, and yellow, how many old men, how many women, how many children, how many tramps, how many monks, how many men soaked in some art or hobby, would be certain to know that "Down Fiddles" was a joke founded on "Down Tools": and that "Down Tools" is a political abbreviation for "Throw down your tools and do no more work till your demands are granted"? Now those two journalistic phrases are exactly one above the other, and oc-

cupy no more than the space of three penny stamps. I could roam all over the page, the page I have accidentally opened, for illustrations of the same thing. The paragraph just above is headed, "Ritchie Beat Cross." It might mean anything. It might be the full name of some particular gentleman. It might mean that a Mr. Ritchie Beat was cross. It might mean that a Mr. Ritchie had been beaten until he was cross. Take away the key of the closest contemporary knowledge (and that the knowledge of a very narrow circle), and the sentence is untranslatable and unintelligible, in a sense that the darkest Greek or the densest Latin have never been through all their three thousand years.

It is the obvious answer to say that the daily paper is meant to be daily. Every one (it will be said) understands it on Monday; and it is more lost than the lost books of Tacitus on Tuesday. I do not think this answer has the key to the strange secret language of journalism. I am a member of the public. I am as daily as anybody else; whom God makes every morning and strikes down every night. I am as much everybody as anybody. And I here confess that even when I could believe the whole of a newspaper, I could only understand about an eighth of it. I went swiftly to my own scrap of slang, to my own secret language; poets or political idealism or news of small nations, or whatever it might be. I passed the solid columns about railways or the Royal Society, as I passed the solid columns of some colonnade I paced in a boyish excitement. I think I should always have understood the idea of "Down Tools," even in the form of "Down Fiddles," or "Down Stethoscopes," or "Down Curling Tongs," or whatever it might be. But that is because I always believed

in the Strike—the true Christian weapon of revolt, since it contrives at one blow to respect property and to scorn it. But even then the very next paragraph might puzzle me. The Ritchie who beat Cross might still beat me.

It seems likely, moreover, that a certain abruptness in this use of words is connected with the specialism of which I speak: as if the particular writer knew he would only be read by one particular kind of reader. It has the confidence of a private telegram; and therefore its brevity. People will understand—or they will not read it. They will not suppose, let us say, that the admirable novelist of Old Kensington, or any of her connections, have been beating Cross. Or if the name "Hirst" occurs in a certain way in a certain part of the paper, it will mean the cricketer, and not the very able economist.

It will mean the journalist has become exclusive, in the worst sense of the word. I have seen the change in the course of a very short and extremely unobservant career. I can recall the days when an editor, even a Liberal editor, really took the idea of liberty for granted: when he was a censor only with reluctance; when he explained, as from one human being to another, that this or that must, after all, be blacked out. The modern editor is as unconcerned about liberty as he is concerned about libel. He creates the whole paper by selection;

The British Review.

as a work of art is created. When he wields the black brush he is not a censor, but a black and white artist. He abolishes a truth as Turner abolished a tower, because it did not suit him. He plunges a whole people in darkness as Rembrandt would plunge a whole people in darkness, to show the glint of some special steel or gold. He effaces the face of man as Whistler effaced the face of woman, by broad straight scratches, so that it may not interfere with the important modern matters of attitude and costume, which seem to be almost the most important modern matters. Any casual painter, poisoning his brush over his palette, between French ultramarine and Prussian blue, has no cooler hesitation, has no clearer personal decision, than the ordinary English editor when he decides on his journalistic picture. He will decide as calmly on French ultramontanism as on French ultramarine, or on Prussian bloodshed as on Prussian blue. Now this is the first great problem about modern journalism, and to which I shall devote two articles after the present one. Journalism is not vulgar; it is fastidious. It is not popular; it is exclusive. It gives tips; but the tips are unintelligible to you and me. It gives political advice; but the advice is palpable nonsense to you and me. It gives literary and ethical advice; but these are obviously intended for those already initiated. In another article I hope to initiate many more.

G. K. Chesterton.

THE POWER-HOUSE.

We were at Glenacill—six of us—for the duck-shooting, when Leithen told me this story. Since five in the morning we had been out on the skerries, and had been blown home by a gale which threatened to root

the house and its wind-blown woods from their precarious lodgment on the hill. A vast nondescript meal, luncheon and dinner in one, had occupied us till the last daylight departed, and we settled ourselves in the smoking-

room for a sleepy evening of talk and tobacco.

Conversation, I remember, turned on some of Jim's trophies which grinned at us from the firelit walls, and we began to spin hunting-yarns. Then Hoppy Byng, who was killed next year on the Bramaputra, told us some queer things about his doings in New Guinea, where he tried to climb Carstensz, and lived for six months in mud. You know how one tale begets another, and soon the whole place was humming with odd recollections, for five of us had been much about the world. All except Leithen, the man who was Solicitor-General, and, they say, will get to the Woolsack in time. I don't suppose he had ever been farther from home than Monte Carlo, but he liked hearing about the ends of the earth.

Jim had just finished a fairly steep yarn about his experiences on a Boundary Commission near Lake Chad, and Leithen got up to find a drink.

"Lucky devils," he said. "You've had all the fun out of life. I've had my nose to the grindstone ever since I left school."

I said something about his having all the honor and glory.

"All the same," he went on, "I once played the chief part in a rather exciting business, without ever budging from London. And the joke of it was that the man who went out to look for adventure only saw a bit of the game, and I who sat in my chambers saw it all and pulled the strings. 'They also serve who only stand and wait,' you know."

Then he told us this story. The version I give is one he afterwards wrote down, when he had looked up his diary for some of the details.

I came out of the House of Commons one afternoon early in May with Tommy Deloraine. I had got in by an

accident at a by-election, when I was supposed to be fighting a forlorn hope, and as I was just beginning to be busy at the Bar I found my hands pretty full. It was before Tommy succeeded, in the days when he sat for the family seat in Yorkshire, and that afternoon he was in a powerful bad temper. Out of doors it was jolly spring weather, there was greenery in Parliament Square and bits of gay color, and a light wind was blowing up from the river. Inside a dull debate was winding on, and an advertising member had been trying to get up a row with the Speaker. The contrast between the frowsy place and the cheerful world outside would have impressed even the soul of a Government Whip.

"Damned monkey-house," said Tommy. "I must get off for a bit or I'll get up and propose a national memorial to Guy Fawkes."

I did not see him for a day or two, and then one morning he rang me up and peremptorily summoned me to dine with him. I went, knowing very well what I should find. Tommy was off next day to shoot lions on the Equator, or something equally unscrupulous. He was a bad acquaintance for a placid sedentary soul like me, for though he could work like a Trojan when the fit took him, he was never at the same job very long. In the same week he would harass an Under Secretary about horses for the Army, write voluminously to the press about a gun he had invented for potting aeroplanes, give a fancy-dress ball which he forgot to attend, and get into the semi-final of the racquets championship. I waited daily to see him start a new religion.

That night, I recollect, he had an odd assortment of guests. The Irish Secretary was there, a gentle being for whom Tommy professed public scorn and private affection; a sailor;

an Indian cavalry fellow; Chapman, the Labor member, whom Tommy called Chipmunk; myself, and old Milson of the Treasury. Our host was in tremendous form, chaffing everybody, and sending Chipmunk into great rolling gusts of merriment. The two lived adjacent in Yorkshire, and on platforms abused each other like pickpockets.

"I'm getting out of this hole," he announced. "Paired for the rest of the session with a chap who has lock-jaw. I'm off to stretch my legs and get back my sense of proportion."

Some one asked where he was going, and was told "Venezuela, to buy Government bonds and look for birds' nests."

But when the others had gone and we were sitting in the little back smoking-room on the first floor, he became serious.

"I've taken on a queer job, Leithen," he said, "and I want you to hear about it. None of my family know, and I would like to leave some one behind me who could get on my trail. You remember Pitt-Heron?"

I remembered Pitt-Heron very well. He had been at Oxford with me, but he was no great friend of mine, though Tommy and he for about two years were inseparable. He had a prodigious reputation for cleverness with everybody but the college authorities, and used to spend his vacations doing mad things in the Alps and the Balkans, and writing about them in the halfpenny press. He was enormously rich—cotton mills and Liverpool ground rents; and, being without a father, did pretty much what his fantastic taste dictated. He was rather a hero for a bit after he went down, for he had made some wild journey in the neighborhood of Afghanistan and written an exciting book about it. Then he married a pretty cousin of Tommy's, who hap-

pened to be the only person that ever captured my stony heart, and settled down in London. I naturally did not go to their house, and soon I found that very few of his friends saw much of him either. His travels and magazine articles suddenly stopped, and I put it down to the common course of successful domesticity. Apparently I was wrong.

"Charles Pitt-Heron," said Tommy solemnly, "is blowing up for a most thundering mess. You remember the wild beggar he used to be. Well, he has been damping down his fires lately and behaving like a respectable citizen, but God knows what he has been thinking! I go a good deal to Portman Square, and all last year he has been getting queerer. He's got a laboratory at the back of the house where he works away half the night. And Lord! the crew you meet there! Every kind of heathen—Chinese and Turks, and long-haired chaps from Russia, and fat Germans. They've got an odd, secretive look about them, and Charlie is becoming like them. He won't answer a plain question or look you straight in the face. Ethel sees it too, and she has often talked to me about it. And now the chap's bolted!"

"What on earth——" I began, but Tommy cut me short.

"Bolted without a word to a mortal soul. He told Ethel he would be home for luncheon yesterday, and never came. His man knew nothing about him, hadn't packed for him or anything; but he found he had stuffed some things into a kit-bag and gone out by the back through the mews. Ethel was in terrible straits and sent for me, and I ranged all yesterday afternoon like a wolf on the scent. I found he had drawn a biggish sum in gold from the bank, but I couldn't find any trace of where he had gone. I was just setting out for Scotland Yard this morning when Tomlin, the

valet, rang me up and said he had found a card in the waistcoat of the dress clothes that Charles had worn the night before he left. It had some name on it like Konalevsky, and it struck me that they might know something about the business at the Russian Embassy. Well, I went round there, and the long and short of it was that I found there was a fellow of that name among the clerks. I saw him, and he said he had gone to see Mr. Pitt-Heron two days before with a letter from some Embassy chap. Unfortunately the man in question had gone off to New York next day, but Konalevsky told me one thing which helped to clear up matters. It seemed that the letter had been one of those passports that Embassies give to their friends—a higher-powered sort than the ordinary make—and Konalevsky gathered from something he had heard that Charles was aiming for Moscow. That was good enough for me. I'm off to-morrow to run him to ground."

"But why shouldn't a man go to Moscow if he wants?" I said feebly.

"You don't understand," said the sage Tommy. "You don't know old Charles as I know him. He's got into a queer set, and there's no knowing what mischief he's up to. He's perfectly capable of starting a revolution in Armenia or somewhere merely to see how it feels like to be a revolutionary. That's the damned thing about the artistic temperament. Anyhow, he's got to chuck it. I won't have Ethel scared to death by his whims. I am going to hale him back from Moscow, even if I have to pretend he's an escaped lunatic. He's probably like enough one by this time if he has taken no clothes."

I was not greatly interested in Pitt-Heron, and the notion of Tommy as a defender of the hearth amused me. I thought that he was working on

very slight evidence and would probably make a fool of himself. But on going home that night I thought a good deal about Ethel Pitt-Heron, that adorable child unequally yoked to a perverse egoist. Next morning when Tommy came to see me in the Temple I found myself talking sympathetically about his job.

The prospect of travel always went to his head like wine. He was in wild spirits, and had forgotten his anger at the defaulting Pitt-Heron in gratitude for his provision of an occupation. He talked of carrying him off into the Caucasus when he had found him, to investigate the habits of the Caucasian stag.

I remember the scene as if it were yesterday. It was a hot May morning, and the sun which came through the dirty window in Fountain Court lit up the dust and squalor of my working chambers. I was pretty busy at the time, and my table was well nourished with briefs. Tommy picked up one and began to read it. It was about a new drainage scheme in West Ham. He tossed it down and looked at me pityingly. "Poor old beggar!" he said. "To spend your days on such work when the world is chockful of amusing things. Life goes roaring on and you hear only the echo in your stuffy rooms. You can hardly see the sun for the cobwebs on your glass. Charles is a fool, but I'm blessed if he isn't wiser than you. Don't you wish you were coming with me?"

I remember the occasion, as I have said, for it was one of the few on which I have had a pang of dissatisfaction with the calling I had chosen. As Tommy's footsteps grew faint on the stairs I suddenly felt as if I were missing something, as if somehow I were out of it. It is an unpleasant feeling, even when you know that the thing you are out of is foolishness.

Tommy went off at 11 from Vic-

toria, and the next afternoon I found my steps wending in the direction of Portman Square. I lived at the time in Down Street, and I told myself I would be none the worse for a walk in the Park before dinner. I had a fancy to see Mrs. Pitt-Heron, for, though I had only met her twice since her marriage, there was a day when we were the closest of friends. I found her alone, a perplexed and saddened lady with imploring eyes. Those eyes questioned me as to how much I knew. I told her frankly that I had seen Tommy and was aware of his errand. I added that she might count upon me if there was anything she wished done on this side of the Channel.

She told me nothing. Charles was full of business and becoming very forgetful. He probably thought he had told her of his departure. He would write; she expected a letter by every post. But her haggard eyes belied her optimism. I could see that there had been odd happenings of late in the Pitt-Heron family. She either knew or feared something;—the latter, I thought, for her air was more of apprehension than of painful enlightenment.

I did not stay long, and as I walked home I had an awkward feeling that there was trouble brewing and that Tommy had more warrant for his journey than I had given him credit for. I cast my mind back to gather recollections of Pitt-Heron, but all I could find was an impression of a brilliant, uncomfortable being, who was too fond of the byways of life for my sober tastes. There was nothing crooked in him in the wrong sense, but there might be a good deal that was perverse. I consoled myself with the thought that though he might shatter his wife's nerves by his doings he would never break her heart.

II.

A fortnight later—to be accurate, on the 21st of May—I did a thing I rarely do, and went down to South London on a County Court case. It was an ordinary taxi-cab accident, and, as the solicitors for the company were good clients of mine and the regular county-court junior was ill in bed, I took the case to oblige them. There was the usual dull conflict of evidence. An empty taxi-cab, proceeding slowly on the right side of the road and hooting decorously at the corners, had been run into by a private motor-car, which had darted down a side street. The taxi had been swung round and its bonnet considerably damaged, while its driver had suffered a dislocated shoulder. The bad feature in the case was that the motor-car had not halted to investigate the damage, but had proceeded unconscientiously on its way, and the assistance of the London police had been called in to trace it. It turned out to be the property of a Mr. Julius Pavia, a retired East India merchant, who lived in a large villa in the neighborhood of Blackheath, and at the time of the accident had been occupied by his butler. The company brought an action for damages against its owner.

The butler, Tuke by name, was the only witness for the defence. He was a tall man, with a very long thin face, and a jaw, the two parts of which seemed scarcely to fit. He was profuse in his apologies on behalf of his master, who was abroad. It seemed that on the morning in question—it was the 8th of May—he had received instructions from Mr. Pavia to convey a message to a passenger by the Continental express from Victoria, and had been hot on this errand when he met the taxi. He was not aware that there had been any damage, thought it only a slight grazing

of the two cars, and on his master's behalf consented to the judgment of the court.

It was a commonplace business, but Tuke was by no means a commonplace witness. He was very unlike the conventional butler, resembling much more one of those successful financiers whose portraits adorn the illustrated press. His little eyes were quick with intelligence, and there were lines of ruthlessness around his mouth, like those of a man often called to decisive action. His story was simplicity itself, and he answered my questions with an air of serious candor. The train he had to meet was the 11 A. M. from Victoria, the same by which Tommy had travelled. The passenger he had to see was an American gentleman, Mr. Wright Davies. His master, Mr. Pavia, was in Italy, but would shortly be home again.

The case was over in twenty minutes, and it was not till I was on my way back that I realized that the accident had happened on the very day Tommy left London. The coincidence merely flickered across my mind, for there could be no earthly connection between the two events. But I had the curiosity to look up Mr. Pavia in the Directory, and found that he was the occupier of a suburban mansion called the White Lodge. It was a curious name he bore, possibly Italian, possibly Goanese. I wondered how he got on with his highly competent butler.

Have you ever noticed that, when you once hear a name that strikes you, you seem to be constantly hearing it for a bit? Two days later I was briefed in a big Stock Exchange case, which turned on the true ownership of certain bearer bonds. It was a complicated business, which I need not trouble you with, and it necessitated a number of long consultations

with my lay clients, a famous firm of brokers. They produced their books, and my chambers were filled with glossy gentlemen talking a strange jargon. I had to examine my clients closely on their practice in treating a particular class of bearer security, and I was not surprised to discover that Pitt-Heron was one of the most valued names on their lists. Now I had no desire to pry into Pitt-Heron's private affairs, especially his financial arrangements, but his name was in my head at the time and I could not help looking curiously at what was put before me. He seemed to have been buying these bonds on a big scale. I had the indiscretion to ask if Mr. Pitt-Heron had long followed this course, and was informed that he had begun to purchase some six months ago. "Mr. Pitt-Heron," volunteered the stockbroker, "is very closely connected in his financial operations with another esteemed client of ours, Mr. Jullus Pavia. They are both attracted by this class of security."

At the moment I scarcely noted the name, but after dinner that evening I began to speculate about the connection. I had found out the name of one of Charles's mysterious latter-day friends. A retired East India merchant did not suggest anything very speculative, but I began to wonder if the preoccupation, to which Tommy had been witness, might not be connected with financial worries. I could not believe that the huge Pitt-Heron fortune had been seriously affected or that his flight was that of a defaulter, but he might have got entangled in some shady City business which preyed on his sensitive soul. Somehow or other I could not believe that Mr. Pavia was a wholly innocent old gentleman; his butler looked too formidable. It was possible that he was blackmailing Pitt-Heron, and that the latter had departed to get out of his

clutches. But on what ground? I had no notion as to the blackmailable thing that might lurk in Charles's past, and the conjectures which flitted through my brain were too fantastic to consider seriously. After all I had only the flimsiest basis for speculation. Pavia and Pitt-Heron were friends; Tommy had gone off in quest of Pitt-Heron; Pavia's butler had broken the law of the land in order, for some reason or other, to see the departure of the train by which Tommy travelled. I remember laughing at myself for my suspicions, and reflected that, if Tommy could see into my head, he would turn a deaf ear in the future to my complaints of his lack of balance.

I called again that week on Mrs. Pitt-Heron. She had had no word from her husband, and only a bare line from Tommy, giving his Moscow address. Poor thing, it was a wretched business for her. She had to keep a smiling face to the world, invent credible tales to account for her husband's absence, and all the while anxiety and dread were gnawing at her heart. I asked her if she had ever met a Mr. Pavia, but the name was unknown to her. She knew nothing of Charles's business dealings, but at my request she interviewed his banker, and I heard from her next day that his affairs were in perfect order. It was no financial crisis which had precipitated him abroad.

At the time I used to "devil" a little for the Solicitor-General, and "note" cases sent to him from the different Government offices. By this prosaic channel I received the first hint of another of Charles's friends. I had sent me one day the papers dealing with the arrest of a German spy at Plymouth, for at the time there was a sort of epidemic of itinerant Tentons who got themselves into compromising situations and gravely

troubled the souls of the Admiralty and the War Office. This case was distinguished from the common ruck by the higher social standing of the accused. Generally the spy is a photographer or bagman who attempts to win the bibulous confidence of minor officials. But this specimen was no less than a professor of a famous German University, a man of excellent manners, wide culture, and attractive presence, who had dined with Port officers and danced with Admirals' daughters. I have forgotten the evidence or what was the legal point submitted for the law officers' opinion; in any case it matters little, for he was acquitted. What interested me at the time was the testimonials as to character which he carried with him. He had many letters of introduction—one was from Pitt-Heron to his wife's sailor uncle; and when he was arrested one Englishman went so far as to wire that he took upon himself the whole costs of the defence. This gentleman was a Mr. Andrew Lumley, stated in the papers sent me to be a rich bachelor, a member of the Athenæum and Carlton Clubs, and a dweller in the Albany.

I was on the look-out for Pitt-Heron's infrequent friends, and I argued that if he knew the spy and the spy knew Mr. Lumley, the odds were that Pitt-Heron and Lumley were acquaintances. I hunted up the latter in the Red Book. Sure enough he lived in the Albany, belonged to half a dozen clubs, and had a country house in Hampshire.

I tucked the name away in a pigeon-hole of my memory, and for some days asked every one I met if he knew the philanthropist of the Albany. I had no luck till on the Saturday when, lunching at the club, I ran against Jenkinson, the art critic. I forget if you know that I have always

been a bit of a connoisseur in a mild way. I used to dabble in prints and miniatures, but at that time my interest lay chiefly in Old Wedgwood, of which I had collected some good pieces. Old Wedgwood is a thing which few people collect seriously, but the few who do are apt to be monomaniacs. Whenever a big collection comes into the market it fetches high prices, but it generally finds its way into not more than half a dozen hands. Wedgwoodites all know each other, and they are less cut-throat in their methods than most collectors. Of all I have ever met, Jenkinson was the keenest, and he would discourse for hours on the "feel" of good jasper and the respective beauty of blue and sage-green grounds.

That day he was full of excitement. He babbled throughout luncheon about the Wentworth sale, which he had attended the week before. There had been a pair of magnificent plaques with a unique Flaxman design, which had roused his enthusiasm. Urns and medallions and what-not had gone to this or that connoisseur, and Jenkinson was ready with their prices, but the plaques dominated his fancy, and he was furious that the nation had not acquired them. It seemed that he had been to South Kensington and the British Museum and all sorts of dignitaries, and he thought he might yet persuade the authorities to offer for them if the purchaser would re-sell. They had been bought by Lutrin, for a well-known private collector, by name Andrew Lumley.

I pricked up my ears and asked about Mr. Lumley. Jenkinson said he was a rich old buffer who locked up his things in cupboards and never let the public get a look at them. He suspected that a lot of the best things at recent sales had found their way to him, and that meant that they were

put in cold storage for good. I asked if he knew him. No, he told me, but he had once or twice been allowed to look at his things for books he had been writing. He had never seen the man, for he always bought through agents, but he had heard of people who knew him. "It is the old silly game," he said. "He will fill half a dozen houses with priceless treasures, and then die, and the whole show will be sold at auction and the best things carried off to America. It's enough to make a patriot swear."

There was balm in Gilead, however. Mr. Lumley apparently might be willing to re-sell the Wedgwood plaques if he got a fair offer. So Jenkinson had been informed by Lutrin, and that very afternoon he was going to look at them. He asked me to come with him, and, having nothing to do, I accepted.

Jenkinson's car was waiting for us at the club door. It was closed, for the afternoon was wet. I did not hear his directions to the chauffeur, and we had been *en route* ten minutes or so before I discovered that we had crossed the river and were traversing South London. I had expected to find the things in Lutrin's shop, but to my delight I was told that Lumley had taken delivery of them at once. "He keeps very few of his things in the Albany except his books," I was told. "But he has a house at Blackheath which is stuffed from cellar to garret."

"What is the name of it?" I asked with a sudden suspicion.

"The White Lodge," said Jenkinson.

"But that belongs to a man called Pavia," I said.

"I can't help that. The things in it belong to old Lumley, all right. I know, for I've been three times there with his permission."

Jenkinson got little out of me for the rest of the ride. Here was excel-

lent corroborative evidence of what I had allowed myself to suspect. Pavia was a friend of Pitt-Heron, Lumley was a friend of Pitt-Heron; Lumley was obviously a friend of Pavia, and he might be Pavia himself, for the retired East India merchant, as I figured him, would not be above an innocent impersonation. Anyhow, if I could find one or the other, I might learn something about Charles's recent doings. I sincerely hoped that the owner might be at home that afternoon when we inspected his treasures, for so far I had found no one who could procure me an introduction to that mysterious old bachelor of artistic and philo-Teutonic tastes.

We reached the White Lodge about half-past three. It was one of those small, square, late-Georgian mansions which you see all around London—once a country-house among fields, now only a villa in a pretentious garden. I looked to see my superb-butler Tuke, but the door was opened by a female servant, who inspected Jenkinson's card of admission, and somewhat unwillingly allowed us to enter. My companion had not exaggerated when he described the place as full of treasures. It was far more like the shop of a Bond Street art-dealer than a civilized dwelling. The hall was crowded with Japanese armor and lacquer cabinets. One room was lined from floor to ceiling with good pictures, mostly seventeenth-century Dutch, and had enough Chippendale chairs to accommodate a public meeting. Jenkinson would fain have prowled round, but we were moved on by the inexorable servant to the little back room where reposed the objects of our visit. The plaques had been only half unpacked, and in a moment Jenkinson was busy at them with a magnifying-glass, purring to himself like a contented cat.

The housekeeper stood on guard by

the door, Jenkinson was absorbed, and I, after the first inspection of the treasures, had leisure to look about me. It was an untidy little room, full of fine Chinese porcelain in dusty glass cabinets, and in a corner stood piles of old Persian rugs. Pavia, I reflected, must be an easy-going soul, entirely oblivious of comfort, if he allowed his friend to turn his dwelling into such a pantechicon. Less and less did I believe in the existence of the retired East India merchant. The house was Lumley's, who chose to pass under another name during his infrequent visits. His motive might be innocent enough—perhaps to prevent the risk of burglary, which would be considerable if a man of unusual wealth were known to live in such a place. It might be innocent, but somehow I did not think so. The butler looked too intelligent.

With my foot I turned over the lid of one of the packing-cases that had held the Wedgwoods. It was covered with a litter of cotton-wool and shavings, and below it lay a crumpled piece of paper. I looked again, and saw that it was a telegraph form. Clearly somebody, with the telegram in his hand had opened the cases, and had left it on the top of one whence it had dropped to the floor and been covered by the lid when it was flung off. I hope and believe I am as straightforward in my dealings as other people; but there and then came on me the conviction that I must read that telegram. I felt the gimlet eye of the housekeeper on me, so I had recourse to craft. I took out my cigarette case as if to smoke, and clumsily upset its contents among the shavings. Then on my knees I began to pick them up, turning over the litter till the telegram was exposed. It was in French, and I read it quite clearly; it had been sent from Vienna, but the address was in some

code. "*Swiss a Bokhare Saronoe*," about to be in Bokhara, and that these were the words. I finished my collection of the cigarettes, and turned the lid over again on the telegram, so that its owner, if he chose to look for it diligently, might find it.

When we sat in the car going home, Jenkinson absorbed in meditation on the plaques, I was coming to a clear decision. I had no evidence to go upon which would have convinced the most credulous common jury. Pavia knew Pitt-Heron, so probably did Lumley; Lumley knew Pavia, possibly was identical with him; somebody in Pavia's house got telegrams from Vienna in which a trip to Bokhara was indicated. Yet I was absolutely convinced, with the queer sub-conscious certitude of the human brain, that Pitt-Heron was or was

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about to be in Bokhara, and that Pavia-Lumley knew of his being there and was deeply concerned in his journey.

That night after dinner I rang up Mrs. Pitt-Heron. She had had a letter from Tommy, a very dispirited letter, for he had had no luck. Nobody in Moscow had heard of any wandering Englishman remotely like Charles, and Tommy, after playing the private detective for three weeks, was nearly at the end of his tether, and spoke of returning home.

I told her to send him the following wire in her own name: "*Go on to Bokhara. Have information you will meet him there.*" She promised to send the message next day, and asked no further question. She was a pearl among women.

John Buchan.

(To be continued.)

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.*

The whole development of the situation as between the United States and Mexico, and more particularly the American threat of intervention on the basis enunciated in the "authoritative statement" published in *The Times* of November 11, have raised a widespread discussion on that protean principle known as the Monroe Doctrine, more particularly in its later developments. The appearance of this new work by Dr. Kraus is therefore singularly opportune; and the only pity is that it has not been published simultaneously in English, so as to be made available for the public which is more immediately interested in the subject. For it is not only the first work on the Monroe Doctrine in Ger-

man, but it represents—as the publishers affirm—the first attempt ever made in any language to give an exhaustive account of the historical development as well as of the essential nature of this principle, and to subject it to a searching criticism based upon an intimate knowledge of the sources.

The first part of the book deals with the origin and the original significance of the Monroe Doctrine. Dr. Kraus points out its twofold contents—(1) the principle of closing the American continents to colonial settlement by non-American Powers, directed against the Russian *ukaz* of September 4, 1821, which assumed Russian sovereignty over all territory in North-West America as far south as lat. 51 deg.; (2) the principle of excluding the European Powers from all interference in the political affairs of the American Re-

* "*Die Monroedoktrin. in ihren Beziehungen zur Amerikanischen Diplomatie und zum Völkerrecht.* By Dr. Jur. Herbert Kraus. (Berlin, J. Guttenberg. 9m. unbound, 10m. bound.)

publics, directed against the threat of the "Holy Alliance" to intervene in the interests of the monarchical principle in the quarrel between Spain and her revolted colonies. The corollary of this principle was the declaration that the United States repudiated, for their part, all right to intervene in the affairs of the Old World, thus establishing that principle of the isolation of America which, in spite of the entirely altered conditions of the modern world, still plays so important a sentimental part in the determination of American policy.

In the second part of his work Dr. Kraus gives the history of the Monroe Doctrine from the Message of President Monroe of December 2, 1823, to the present day. For this purpose he separates the two underlying principles of the Doctrine, tracing first the development of that which seeks to limit the right of non-American Powers to interfere in America, passing then to an examination of the history of the principle of the non-intervention of the United States in the affairs of Europe. This division of the subject he rightly regards as more logical and illuminating than the usual division under the headings of "non-intervention" and "non-colonization." In discussing the first principle, Dr. Kraus sets out and comments on all the principal cases in which it has been applied: the Message of President Polk of December 2, 1845, on the question of the annexation of Texas and the Oregon dispute with Great Britain; President Polk's Message of April 20, 1848, on the Yucatan question; the questions arising out of Great Britain's claims in Belize, the Bay Islands, and the Mosquito Coast; the European intervention in Mexico in the years 1858-67; the development in 1870 of President Polk's extension of the Monroe Doctrine by President Grant, in connection with Cuba and Santo Domingo; the Mes-

sage of President Cleveland of December 17, 1895, on the boundary dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana; the attitude of the United States towards the questions of the construction and control of an American inter-oceanic canal by a non-American Power; the Message of President Roosevelt of February 15, 1905, which, in connection with the question of the debts of Santo Domingo, formulated the principle that the United States, under the Monroe Doctrine, had undertaken the "policing" of the Americas.

As regards the second underlying principle, non-intervention by the United States in European questions, Dr. Kraus shows that the record of American diplomacy presents a continuous chain of proofs that it has engaged in activities in flat contradiction to both the spirit and the letter of this part of the Monroe Doctrine. The first important instance cited is the action of President Taylor in 1849 in sending a special secret agent to the Hungarian insurgents, charged with the mission for finding a basis for the recognition of Hungarian independence and of arranging a commercial treaty with the United States. The diplomatic intervention of the United States in favor of the Cretan insurgents in 1869-68 is another instance; while the efforts at American expansion at the cost of European colonies—as in the case of the Danish West Indian islands, of Canada, and of Cuba—are given as other instances of the violation by the United States of the Doctrine as formulated in the Message of President Monroe. This second underlying principle of the Doctrine indeed, has in Dr. Kraus's opinion not only been consistently ignored by American statesmen, but has ceased to have any object. The whole Monroe Doctrine, in its original sense, is in fact in the same case, since, with the growth of the United States from a young and

weak State into a great world-Power, its original *raison d'être*—the preservation of the integrity of the Federal Republic—has ceased to be. With the beginning of American imperial expansion in 1898 the United States entered on a wholly new phase of its history. The principle of the isolation of America, says Dr. Kraus, came to an end with the Washington Treaty of December 2, 1899, by which the United States obtained certain islands of the Samoan group, and the annexation of Hawaii during the war with Spain.

But, though the Monroe Doctrine has thus lost its original justification, the first of its underlying principles—the exclusion of European political influence from the Americas—is, in contradistinction to the second, now more vigorously asserted than ever. But it has become a principle not of defence, but of aggression, under cover of which the United States has attained in the other American countries an influence which it could never have secured in free competition with other non-American Powers. Dr. Kraus quotes from the Message of President Grant in 1870 a sentence which anticipates the modern commercial interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine:—

The acquisition of San Domingo [said the President] is an outcome of the Monroe Doctrine; it is a measure of national protection. It means the assertion of our just claim to a controlling influence over the vast trade which will soon flow from East to West across the Isthmus of Darien.

The Monroe Doctrine, in brief, has been expanded from a principle intended to secure the integrity of the United States into one intended to protect the development of its material prosperity and of its supremacy in the Americas. It is a threat aimed at the world outside not to interfere with the American monopoly of the Western Hemisphere, and is directed

against any action on the part of a non-American State which, in the opinion of the Government of Washington, would tend either directly or indirectly to create or to increase the political influence or power of such a State in any part of the Americas not under the sovereignty of the United States.

In the third part of his work Dr. Kraus examines the Monroe Doctrine in order to see how far it can be reconciled with the established principles of international law. The result of his examination is, as he puts it, "essentially negative." The principle of intervention, which, as recent events have proved, is involved in the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine in its modern developments, is justified according to the international code by two considerations—(1) for the purpose of "self-preservation," that is, the right of a State to take any measures, even to the extent of intervention in the internal affairs of another State, in order to maintain its own stability or integrity; (2) for the purpose of preventing an unjust aggression by one State upon another. In Dr. Kraus's opinion certain cases of intervention by the United States in the past fall under the latter of these headings—such as the intervention in the Venezuela boundary dispute, and especially the attitude of the Government at Washington towards the French intervention in Mexico. But in general he shows that the Monroe Doctrine, even in its original form, sets up claims which have no justification in international law; and he maintains that the attempts to bring it within the sphere of this law, even if only of that *Sonderrecht* recognized in the two Americas, have hopelessly broken down. It is, in fact, not in any sense a juridical, but purely a political, principle. Nor has it even the justification, from the point of view of international

comity, of the political principle which has sometimes been compared with it—that of the Balance of Power. For this latter at least a close relation with international law may be claimed, since upon the maintenance of the balance of power this law itself depends for its principal sanction. But the Monroe Doctrine—Dr. Kraus rightly points out—is from this point of view antagonistic to the whole conception of international law, since it increasingly tends to upset the balance of power in favor of the supremacy of the United States.

The Monroe Doctrine, the author concludes, is still in a state of development, and he ends his work with a series of speculations, put in the form of questions, as to the direction this development is likely to take. One at least of these questions has already received its answer. Will the idea, formulated by President Roosevelt, of the duty of the United States to supervise the rest of America be incorporated in the Monroe Doctrine and take the place of the second, obsolete *Unterprinzip*—that of the non-participation of the United States in the affairs of

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the European States? This question has, since Dr. Kraus's work went to press, been answered in the affirmative by President Wilson's public utterances, and notably by the "authoritative statement," already referred to, published in *The Times* of November 11. The statement that the United States "can only regard as the constitutional head of any American community a man who enjoys the support, properly expressed and registered, of a majority of his enfranchised fellow-citizens," if read in the light of Secretary Olney's declaration, in his Instruction of July 20, 1895, that "the people of the United States have a vital interest in the cause of popular self-government," undoubtedly implies a claim on the part of the Government of Washington to supervise the Americas in the interests of pure democracy. This claim, in Dr. Kraus's opinion, constitutes a third and new underlying principle of the Monroe Doctrine. It is certainly, from the point of view of the Americas and of the world at large, a fateful development of which the outcome is still "on the knees of the gods."

THE DECLINE OF ELOQUENCE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Lord Curzon's Rede lecture,¹ reprinted as a pamphlet, is an exhaustive treatise on one of the noblest of human arts by one of its most eminent practitioners. I should have said that it would rank as a piece of classical criticism if Lord Curzon had not spoiled it by a sudden and quite unaccountable descent to "journalistic jottings" about the minor stars of the Parliamentary firmament.

¹ "Modern Parliamentary Eloquence: the Rede Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge, November, 1913." By Earl Curzon of Kedleston. London: Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.

Lord Curzon left the House of Commons before the grand old style had gone out of fashion. As Viceroy of India, and one of the leaders of the House of Lords, he has been able to pursue an art of which leisure and dignity are essential conditions. I say this not forgetting that Demosthenes spoke in the ecclesia, and Cicero in the forum, and that some of Bright's masterpieces were delivered at public meetings. For there is dignity and leisure at a public meeting, though there is none in the House of

Commons. There is dignity because the platform is both a physical convenience and a moral elevation. There is leisure because the audience are in no hurry; they have come there to be instructed or amused; if possible, both. To do the modern electors justice, they betray a pathetic eagerness to be educated in politics, and if a speaker has any power of exposition, or any new facts to communicate, or any gift of wit or humor, he will be rewarded beyond his deserts. It is impossible to prepare too carefully for the platform; nothing contributes more to the comfort of the listeners than the logical arrangement, the step by step method, and the division of the speech into compartments. If an audience of artisans, shopkeepers, and clerks see that the speaker has paid them the compliment of preparing his speech—they are rather flattered by voluminous notes—and if he is physically able to make himself heard, they will, however much they may differ from his views, give him a much better hearing than he would get in the House of Commons. I often wonder that ambitious young peers and politicians do not devote more time and trouble to the art of platform speaking. I have never had experience of the agricultural laborer as a listener. But of urban audiences in London, Lancashire, and Scotland I have knowledge; and there is no greater mistake than to imagine that they like clap-trap shouted at them—if they have a weakness, it is for fine language. But all public speakers should take a few lessons in elocution and voice-production. Judging from their performances, hardly any politicians realize the difference between a slurred and a staccato enunciation; nor, seemingly, have they learned that it is the low, not the high, notes that carry farthest, and that to prevent the irritating habit of

dropping of the voice on the emphatic words, the lungs should be filled by drawing in the breath as you approach the end of the sentence. These things must be learned mechanically, just as you must learn the tango if you wish to disport yourself as an Argentine cowboy.

The conditions of speaking in the House of Commons are exactly the reverse of speaking at a public meeting. There is neither leisure nor dignity; nothing but solemn scuffling for a place, and undignified bustling. There, unless you are a Cabinet Minister, one of two or three leaders of the Opposition, or a spokesman of one of the new groups, the audience, so far from wanting to hear you, want not to hear you. The House of Commons, with the most perfect acoustics, is the most difficult place in the world to speak in. Yawning, whispering, figures flitting to and fro, doors perpetually swinging, these are the accompaniment to which the young speaker must accustom himself. I never could understand why my dearest friends, under pretence of support, would come and sit near me when I was speaking, and embark *sotto voce* upon a long and animated conversation on their private affairs. Indeed, my most elaborate efforts were confined to the patient and solitary ear of the Speaker during the dinner hour. I was however rewarded by the reporters, who always show their gratitude to anyone who takes the trouble to speak logically and grammatically and distinctly. A Cabinet Minister, two or three men on the front Opposition bench, and the heads of groups, are the only speakers who can now secure the attention of the House of Commons. And they are listened to, not because they are eloquent, or witty, or informed, but because what they say may affect the game of politics—how they say it matters not a jot. The private mem-

ber on his legs sees himself surrounded by a host of competitors, watchful, resentful, sitting with sheaves of notes in hand, ready to spring up the moment he sits down. Such an audience would damp the fire of Demosthenes, and silence the wit of Cicero. No wonder that over such an assembly, feverish, impatient, overtalked, Mr. Asquith exercises a soothing and undisputed supremacy, for, as Lord Curzon points out, he has carried the art of compression to the highest point ever achieved by a public speaker. The Prime Minister's speech on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill did not, I think, occupy more than fifty minutes; and no point was left untouched. Be it observed that Mr. Asquith spares, not only his listeners, but himself. No statesman of the first rank is so economical of utterance as the Prime Minister, and I hazard the assertion that he makes fewer speeches in Parliament and on the platform than any other occupant of either front bench. This is one of Mr. Asquith's secrets, and those who would achieve his Tacitean style must imitate his parsimony. Lord Curzon has explained the reason why the House of Commons is no longer a possible field for the display of oratory, or even its lower form of eloquence. The House of Commons has ceased to discharge what Bagehot calls "its lyrical function," that is, the function of expressing in the best words the best thoughts of the nation on great themes of foreign and domestic policy. It has become a machine for turning bills into laws, and the machine turns under a series of rules so strict and numerous that anything like eloquent exposition or philosophical comment is shut out. Hazlitt playfully describes Burke's exordium as "calling the Speaker out to dance a minuet with him" before beginning. The stately ways of art are churlishly

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repressed in the modern House of Commons, where solemn prigs have taken the place of the gay and majestic figures of the past. Another cause of the decline of eloquence exposed by Lord Curzon is the fearful fluency of the average politician, attained, *malgré lui*, by his compulsory service on the platform. If I were training a young man to be an orator, the quality I should be most afraid of would be his fluency. For fluency is the natural enemy of eloquence. I know of no more exquisite torture than the fluency of a commonplace man, without ideas, without experience, and with the common stock of information. Yet of such stuff our politicians perforce are made. Despite of motor-cars, candidates and members should refuse to speak at five or six meetings in an evening. The multiplication of electors has made it very difficult, though in time this will cure itself, as constituents will be so numerous under universal suffrage as to make it physically impossible to address them. President Wilson is a reticent man: his speeches are short, few, and literary; yet he has been chosen king of a democracy three or four times as big as our own. For the present, at all events, the House of Commons is hopeless as an arena of eloquence. There remain the House of Lords and the platform. In the House of Lords, whilst it exists, Lord Curzon must dispute with Lord Rosebery the palm. The greatest exemplar of the art of speaking to public meetings is Mr. F. E. Smith; but he runs the risk of falling a victim to the facility which undid Gladstone. The rhetorical soul of Mr. F. E. Smith is in danger: let us all pray for its salvation. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio," by which I do not mean the serving up of baked meats, but the occasional practice of abstinence.

Arthur A. Baumann.

A MODERNIZED "PUNCH AND JUDY."

I am told that "Punch and Judy" is losing its hold on the Public. If so, I cannot help thinking that the fault must lie in the drama itself. It does not treat the problem of marriage with the insight, the psychological subtlety which a cultured and intellectual audience expects in these days. And its characters are all too low in the social scale to be interesting or sympathetic to any intelligent spectator. However, it only needs a little effort to bring it into touch with modern requirements—and here is my little effort:—

Scene—*The usual sort of thing.*

Judy, Lady Punch [enters. She wears a white "peignoir" and a boudoir cap with lace frill. Her face is of a remarkable pallor; the great eyes have the intent gaze of one who has borne much, without perhaps being able to say precisely what]. Not a taxi anywhere! But I should have betrayed myself if I had used the landaulette!

Lord Joey [enters. He has the battered look of a man about town. Time has turned his top-knot sky-blue, but the locks on either side of his brow retain their original auburn]. Hullo! hullo! Lady P.! Where are you off to?

Judy (looking straight before her). I don't know! I don't care! So long as it isn't Home!

Lord J. (wagging his head with reproof). Don't like to hear you talkin' like that, Lady P. Sounds as if you and poor old Punchie had had a row or somethin'—what?

Judy. He never will have a row! That's what makes him so absolutely unbearable! That—and his perfectly awful hump!

Lord J. But I say, you know—he had that hump when you married him. I remember noticin', when I was his

best man, how doocid round-shouldered he was gettin'!

Judy. I was so young then. I never in the least realized what it would mean to be wedded to a hump for the whole of my life! Oh, why, why aren't girls told more about these things?

Lord J. Dunno, I'm sure, Lady P. Still, hump or no hump, he's a toppin' good feller, don't you know? What I mean to say is, there's no sort of harm in him!

Judy (bitterly). There's nothing worse you could say!

Lord J. Well, he seems to be comin' this way, so I'll say good mornin', Lady P. [Exit tactfully.]

Sir Percy Punch, K.C.B., F.R.B.S., F.R.Z.S., &c., &c. [enters. His large black eyes are melancholy and introspective, and the flush on his rather prominent nose is manifestly due to chronic indigestion]. Why, Judy, my love, I'd no idea I should meet you here! I've been taking the dog out for a run. [Enter Toby.] Toby, sit up and give you paw to the little Missis! [Toby obeys.]

Judy (refusing the paw). I thought you knew I simply loathe dogs.

Sir P. (forgetting himself for the moment). Oh! Rootiti-toot! Rootiti-toot!

Judy (with quiet scorn). Is it absolutely necessary to express yourself in quite such language?

Sir P. Sorry, my love, sorry! Force of habit! [Enter Nurse with the Baby.] Aha! Here's the ickle cockalorum! (Sir P. takes the Baby and offers it to Judy, who cowers back.)

Judy (hysterically). I—I can't. I can't! It's too much like you! And it isn't eugenic! I do wish you'd throw it away. Won't you—to please me?

Sir P. Really, my dear, our son and

heir, you know—no, I must draw the line at *that!* (*handing Baby to Nurse*). There, take Master Punch home and keep him well wrapped up. (*As Nurse goes off with Baby*) Judy, my darling, I'm afraid you're a little *upset* about something or other?

Judy (*breaking out*). If you *must* know, I'm sick of you and the Baby and Toby, and I simply can't stand it any longer.

Sir P. Why, rootiti—I mean, tut-tut. What on earth have I done?

Judy. You're so *appallingly* affectionate, so conventionally domesticated and all that. It's *too* sickening.

Sir P. (*sadly*). Tell me, Judy, is there no way—*none*—by which I might regain your affection?

Judy (*dreamily*). If I could see you reckless, lawless, riotous, triumphing rough-shod over all opposition, I *might*—but no, you will never be like *that*—never, never.

Beadle (*enters with thick stick*). Beg pawdon, Sir Percy, but might this 'ere belong to you?

Judy (*excited*). Say it *does!* And hit him on the head with it! Or hit *me!* Anything that will make me *respect* you once more.

Sir P. (*to the Beadle, after inspection*). No, it's not *my* stick, my man. I *never* carry a cudgel. You'd better take it to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard.

[*Exit Beadle, as Jack Ketch enters carrying patent gibbon.*]

Jack K. 'Scuse me, Sir Percy, but is this anythink in *your* line? Little apparatus of me own. Wunnerful simple. I jest puts me 'ed through this 'ere noose (*he does so*), and all *you* 'ave to

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do is to give a tug to this 'ere pulley, and I'm 'ung proper, I am!

Judy (*feverishly*). Oh, *why* don't you hang him? You would if you were half a Punch!

Sir P. (*meditatively*). H'm! (*To Jack Ketch*) Your invention seems ingenious. I should advise you to show it to the Home Secretary.

Judy (*passionately, as Jack Ketch departs*). That settles it. I will no longer be dependent on *you*. I will live my own life.

Sir P. May I remind you, my love, that our resources entirely depend on the pennies my agent collects in a bag from the populace? If you decline to share that income, I don't *quite* see what you are going to live your own life on.

Judy. I can start a little show of my own, I suppose?

Sir P. You *could* do that, of course, but—rootiti-toot—I *should* say, ahem—I rather doubt if you'd be much of a draw without me.

Judy. Perhaps. The world is very hard on us women. But I don't care; I shall find an opening in spite of you.

Sir P. I should rather like to know *where*.

Enter a large Crocodile.

Judy (*driven to desperation*). Where? ...Why, *here!* (*Throws herself into Crocodile's jaws and disappears.*)

Sir P. (*with mild concern*). What a pity—what a pity—what a pity!

Here ends the drama, which is entirely at the service of any travelling showman who has enterprise enough to produce it. But I know what managers *are*.

F. A.

ON POPULAR ENGLISH.

We have long thought of the old popular English language as of a buried city, some Pompeii or Herculaneum, submerged sometime in the middle of the last century by a flood, if not of lava, at least of dull gray ashes. We surmise that somewhere about 1870 is the fatal date. At any rate, when some explorer, like Mrs. E. M. Wright in her new book, "Rustic Speech and Folk Lore" (published by the Oxford University Press), leads us about its deserted streets, we find ourselves exclaiming at every step, "This is our old home." Every nook and cranny has its tale to tell. How its streets for centuries hummed and throbbed with the old life of England! Alas! that it should be a buried city—that the old popular English should be all but a dead language! The popular English of the present day is not so much literary English (though that is what the instructors of the people doubtless aimed at) as newspaper English—reporters' English. In old England there was no distinction between the literary and the popular speech. Chaucer wrote as the people talked. The schism—the division between book English and spoken English—came in in the sixteenth century. It grew wider in the seventeenth, with writers like Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, admirable as, in their own way, these euphuists may be. But the people went on talking as they had done in Chaucer's time, at least till the 'sixties of the last century. The popular phrase "to talk like a book" shows the people's consciousness of this division. But how much worse the lad who had learned to talk like a book talked than his father and mother and all their forefathers before them!

The old popular English may not

have been literary, but it was certainly poetic English. It was the English of Chaucer and Shakespeare. Let us give at random one or two examples of this. The country people everywhere still speak of a storm as "a tempest." Above a certain level of "culture" the word has become obsolete. But what a glorious word it is! Again, in many parts of England the air is called "the element." "The element was all a-light," it will be said. Country children again always call a conjurer "a juggler." How much more Shakespearean, at once more poetical and more full of the substantial stuff of reality, the latter word is!

The old spoken English was a language of people who thoroughly enjoyed their lives, who worked and took a pleasure in their work, to whom the world about them was intensely living and interesting, and who found quaint images and smiles everywhere. It was not so poetical a language, so it seems to us, as the popular French and Italian, but full as Sancho himself of a certain cynical good-humor and common-sense. This may be because one only knows the popular French and Italian from books, whereas one drew in the old popular English with one's mother's milk. The present writer was born in the 'sixties of the last century, and he remembers three people above all others as speakers of the old-fashioned tongue—his father, his mother, and his grandmother. A story heard in his earlier childhood from the last-named old lady is recalled by the very first simile quoted by Mrs. Wright in her chapter "On Popular Phrases." "Like a cat in pattens" was said of an awkward person. As a little girl, the old lady heard this saying so often that

she came to regard a pair—or rather two pairs—of pattens as part of the proper equipment of a cat. Thinking that the household cat must experience a feeling of neglect and injury in not being provided with them, she resolved to supply the deficiency, and with this end in view proceeded to fix walnut-shells on the cat's four paws. She was not only severely clawed by the infuriated beast, but sternly reprimanded by the authorities as a very cruel little girl. Such are the dangers of metaphor! "As queer as Dick's hat-band" is another phrase the old lady continually used, but which we never remember to have heard from anybody since. The peculiarity of this article of wearing apparel was said to be that "it went round nine times, and would not tie at last." The learned say that this refers to the nine-days' Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, as does the inn-sign sometimes seen (as, for instance, at Farnborough) of "The Tumble-down Dick."

Just as the history of England could no doubt be reconstructed from inn-signs, so we believe it could be from these popular phrases. How delightful, at least to the antiquarian sentiment, is the Suffolk term for a tyrannical person, quoted by Mrs. Wright, "a Norman!" This takes us back by an uninterrupted oral tradition to the days of those Barons who "built full many a bede-house, but never a Bastille," as Dr. Neale tells us, but who nevertheless erected a good many very substantial and disciplinary castles. Many popular phrases indeed are memorials of popular sufferings. The word "bastille" itself, commonly applied to the workhouse, shows the impression made by that institution on the people's mind. But to go back to the days of those great Norman and Angevin kings, which, for our own part, we have always so loved. "worth a Jew's eye" again speaks eloquently

of the methods of King John. The worth of a Jew's tooth would be considerable, but the ransom of a Jew's eye would be riches indeed. "An abbey-lubber" is a term we have never had the good fortune to hear, but we know the character very well, and we do not need the enlightenment of Dr. Johnson's definition, "a slothful loiterer in a religious house." The word "lubber" itself for an idle, useless fellow seems to us to have almost died out. "Methody cream," for rum in tea, illustrates the popular tradition from which Dickens took Stiggins. Personally, by the way, we consider the Stiggins portrait an example of the most unjust caricature. It was said of Cardinal Wiseman that he had a spiritual side, but he had also a lobster-salad side. The two things are not incompatible. Dickens, however, was popular English through and through, and did little justice to the spiritual side of Methodism. But talking of the oral tradition of English history, we remember being startled by a phrase which once fell from the lips of an old Westmoreland quarryman, an ardent Radical, by the way, in a remote Yorkshire village. We stood together looking at a fine display of the Northern Lights one winter evening. "They're the Derwentwater Lights," he said, and went on to tell the story of the escape of Lord Nithsdale and the execution of Lord Derwentwater in 1716. "He died for Prince Charlie," he said fervently, but not quite accurately, adding reverently, "God rest his soul!" This last phrase, by the way, has never died out of the common speech of the Catholic North. The old man confused the '15 with the '45. Lord Derwentwater died for James Francis, as the rightful King of England. There is a touch of popular disenchantment, we think, in the expression, "Gukin' time," which Mrs. Wright

tells us is still used in the West of England in speaking of Monmouth's rebellion. "There came a Duke into the West"—"here comes a Duke a-riding"—it sounds like a May-day game. Dukes are pretty things no doubt, and so are kings; but it is hard for less exalted mortals to understand the egotism which could regard the stiff corpses on Sedgemoor and the rotting human fragments in the Somersetshire villages as so many due and proper tributes to their anointed and sacred legitimacy. Talking of these times, we heard the other day an expression we had never heard before, "What the Hanover!" evidently an equivalent of "What the deuce!" "What the Hanover did you lead that for?" asked an angry whist player of his partner.

We turn Mrs. Wright's pages, and come everywhere on precious fragments of our own mother and grandmother tongue. "To bring their pigs to a pretty market," said of people who had mismanaged their affairs, was a phrase used constantly. The old lady we spoke of above, if she had been living to-day, would, we think, have had little sympathy with the feminist agitation. She used often to quote the following rhyme with the greatest relish and approval:—

"A whistling mald and a crowing hen
Is neither good for God nor men."

Mrs. Wright gives the saying, "I wouldn't be seen in a ten-acre field with him." We do not reproduce the dialect spelling, which is of the West country, but in Sussex we remember the phrase as "I wouldn't be seen in a forty-acre field with him." We cannot explain the origin of "to be all mops and brooms," but the meaning is to be dazed or bewildered. "To be all skin and grief" was another expression, the interpretation of which presents no difficulty. "Never speak ill of the bridge that carries you over"

is a piece of proverbial wisdom very familiar to us. "Don't paw down t' brig that's carried you" they have it in the West Riding—that is, "don't kick down the bridge by which you have crossed." "Don't kick down the ladder by which you have mounted" is another variant. The Russian equivalent of this is, "Don't spit into the well." "Old ewe, dressed lamb-fashion" is a phrase which we were reminded of at a social function recently, when an elderly lady took us aside, and, pointing to another, exclaimed in a loud whisper, "You see that creature—sixty-five if she's a day, and pink satin!" "He'd talk a dog's hind leg off" would be said of a glib, fluent talker. "His tongue goes nineteen to the dozen" is one of the phrases, which, by the way, we do not find in Mrs. Wright. We will here set down a few of these as they occur to us. As a child the writer remembers "Their noble has come to a ninepence" as the commonest of sayings. It must be centuries old. Yet he has never come across it in any collection of English proverbs, even in one so exhaustive as the book before us. Again, we have failed to discover "morrising about," spending time in gaily and amusement, evidently from the morris dance; or again, "blind man's holiday" for twilight. We make Mrs. Wright a present of the following proverb, which we frequently heard used of a grasping, avaricious woman, "She wants all the playthings and the big doll as well." On the other hand, this book contains some perfectly delightful phrases quite unknown to us; for instance, "haverdepaise" for undecided, irresolute. "I be quite haverdepaise about sending Jane to service" is a joy indeed. "It's like trying to get butter out of a dog's throat" has been familiar to us from our earliest years. We recently met with another phrase of the kind in a

sermon preached in the fourteenth century by the Boy Bishop in Gloucester Cathedral on the favorite medieval theme of the chastisement of youth. "He looketh as though butter would not melt in his mouth, but they that are acquainted with him are not deceived by his looks." This reminds one of the old apple woman addressing the choir boys of St. Paul's, "You

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looks like Angels, but I knows ye." In the same sermon, by the way, occurred the medieval phrase, "To break Priscian's head," that is, to make false quantities and grammatical mistakes generally. If children are beaten, ran the argument, for breaking Priscian's head, much more should they be beaten for breaches of the moral law, lying, foul language, and the like.

ROSEMARY AND BAUBLES.

I was looking the other day in the British Museum at some of the toys with which little children played in Egypt thousands of years ago, and also at some of those which in a later age enlivened the nurseries of Greece and Rome. And afterwards, wandering through the bewildering galleries of a modern Christmas toy fair, I could not but be struck, not only by the essentially changeless nature of our playthings, but also by the tendency manifested throughout the ages for toys to become over-elaborate and complicated until, like civilization itself, they defeat their own ends and have to revert to elementary simplicity again. The little Egyptian children had simple things like soft balls or hard ones made of porcelain or papyrus, and the most elaborate toys of theirs which I have seen are two quite simple little figures, one a bronze woman carrying a vessel on her head, and the other, in earthenware, a mother carrying her child. But the little Romans and Greeks were much more complicated in their tastes, and there are still in existence toys of theirs elaborately dressed, with jointed arms and legs, and tiny dolls-house chairs and tables, with little cups and utensils of pottery painted with scenes from the lives of children.

In our own age there have been

many developments of elaborateness in toys, which perhaps were brought to their perfection in the workshops of South Germany in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and we are just now at the culmination of another similar, although less noble, development, and on the eve of a return, apparently, to simpler and more primitive toys. Certainly although the childish ambition is to have something which "works" and is "real," it is not these things which abide most securely in our memories and affections; but things which were so unreal as to be mere grotesque symbols of what they were supposed to represent. In fact it was the toys which gave us most to do, and laid on our imaginations the greatest task of pretence and make-believe, that really won our hearts. How simple are the first things with which a little child learns to play! First something soft that can be taken into the mouth; then something that rattles or jingles; then the simple ball or sphere that can be rolled or bounced, then the doll in some shape or form; then the wheel, and then, according to the child's inclination or opportunity, the reins that help him to pretend to be a horse, the sword or helmet which makes him into a soldier, the gun for killing enemies or wild beasts, the railway train,

the boat, and so on. The most precious toys which I remember were an imperfectly cured cowhorn which gave out, in addition to its wavering note, a most overpowering smell; a species of gaily-painted wheel mounted on a handle, which I called (quite inaccurately) my "whirligig"; a small boat with black topsides and a salmon-colored bottom, which has sailed many voyages on the green tablecloth, now bringing up alongside Webster's Dictionary to discharge cargo, and now lying at anchor in the shelter of a promontory of Bibles; and a common iron hoop burnished by friction of its stick to the color of silver, beside and behind which I ran, over paved foot-paths dappled with sunshine filtered through the hawthorn and laburnum of suburban gardens, many a long, unweary mile. It is strange to me to think that these objects, once so living and crowded upon with poetry and imagination, so closely associated with all that was lovely and adventurous in the mind of childhood, must long ago have crumbled away and been restored to their chemical elements, and that I should still be walking about and looking into toyshop windows, reduced to the sorry business of writing about toys instead of gloriously playing with them. But it is of no use. I made an experiment not very long ago; did actually purchase, for an absurdly small sum, a clockwork railway of a kind that was totally beyond my reach in the days when I would have gloried in it; and carrying it home in a large red cardboard box, and making sure that my servant was well out of the way, did actually set it out on the floor and attempt to play with it. But the glory had departed: I could not become sufficiently like a little child to enter into that kingdom. But I knew what to do with the train. I parcelled it up again and bestowed it upon a family of little children into whose

wildest dreams the idea of possessing such a thing could never have entered, and I believe it is to this day brought out on a Sunday or a birthday by their father, and played with for their benefit, surrounded in their minds with the same glamour and glory in which it first fell upon them from the skies.

I am constantly seeing my little friends being deprived of this great pleasure of the rarely-used "best" toy. Everything is delivered into their hands—aeroplanes that fly, electric trains with signals and switches that work, toy battleships and motor-cars that are marvels of ingenuity, armles that are patterns of accuracy in their uniforms and equipment. But when you have put into a child's hand an extremely elaborate model, it cannot and does not satisfy his imagination. He will play for a whole day with a train made of chairs, because imagination enters into the game; the arm-chair is an engine, the sofa is a sleeping-car, another arm-chair is the luggage-van. But if you give him a perfect thing his imagination is left out in the cold; there is no part for it to take in the game except a destructive part; in short, there is nothing to be done with the mechanical model except to break it open and see how it works. Indeed, more summary methods are quite naturally attractive. I have seen a little boy of four years old, to whom an elaborate working model of a motor-car had been presented, after watching it work for a few minutes, take it up in his hand and hurl it to the ground with a smile of satisfaction. It was the only thing he could think of doing with it. That is why the hoop or the train of chairs or the rough and grotesque toy train will always give more real pleasure than the most elaborate machinery that can be conceived: that is why the rag doll or the woolly lamb will always be nearer the heart's affections than the most

wonderfully equipped and elaborately clothed French *poupée*.

As I have said, however, I believe there is some sign of a return to the more primitive style of toy. I see mysterious objects in toyland with quaint names, of which the golliwog and the teddy bear were the precursors. There is one which particularly pleases me called "A dada." I like it first for its name; it is not called "dada" or "the dada," but "a dada"; and it has thus been christened, I suppose, in order to facilitate reference to it by the very youngest of its possessors. It is, moreover, a simple doll, of a bright and cheery countenance, and can be made by simple means to assume various postures. It is more natural and purely primitive than the rather affected and artificial type of American invention known as "Billykins"; in fact, it is a charming and attractive toy, which will probably take an abiding place among those "solid joys and lasting pleasures" which happy children should be laying up for themselves in the fragrant cabinet of memory. A touch of the gro-

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tesque is admirable in a toy; it separates it from the common things of life, and gives definition to the memories associated with it; but it should above all things be simple. Do you remember those trains stamped out of tin, with wheels of brass wire, and no resemblance at all to any known vehicle? Was there ever a red like that of the red carriage, or a yellow and a blue like the colors that followed it; or any green to equal the greenness of the engine? Do you remember the fragrant smell of them—yes, and the taste of them when licked? Or do you remember a little passepartout glass box edged with yellow, containing a tortoise that trembled and shook whenever the box was moved? When the mind is putting out its first feelers towards beauty it is things like this, vivid, definite and comprehensible, which enchant and satisfy it, yet lead it on to the pursuit of ever finer things.

Pray think of this when you are making the choice, so wearisome to you, so momentous to them, of toys for your little friends.

Filson Young.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "The White Thread," Robert Hallifax has served up the slums with a new flavor. All the old ingredients are there, humor, pathos, a touch of sentiment, and the grim sense of reality, but they are all subordinated to that pungent keenness for life which is the chief compensation for poverty. The pages of this book do not smell of oil, or even of ink. Rather, from the moment when Gideon Westaway is discovered "prowling on all fours around the room in the manner of a stealthy ape in a cage, needing but an arched tail to make the performance truly and uncomfortably

lifelike" to that moment which "Great Big Bob," with the yearning little heart beating against him, found something exceedingly wonderful," they suggest a stenographer's pencil catching the exact physical and emotional wriggles that contain the most of the essence of life. Yet it would be unfair even to hint that a book as sincere as this was journalistic in the unfavorable senses of the word. Tilly Westaway, the little drudge of a London servant with her one day off a month, her degenerate brother, her drunken mother, and her treacherous lover, struggling impulsively to do her

duty by all of them, not because it is her duty but because she wants to do it, and trying to snatch a little happiness out of life as it goes past, is one of the most original and thoroughly likable heroines of recent fiction. And, though Mr. Kingdom, Sr., grows a little tiresome long before he stops talking, the book as a whole is honestly enough built to form a worthy setting for her. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

An American newspaper correspondent's adventures in the war between Japan and Russia, and his subsequent career as a writer near New York city, furnish the material around which Will Levington Comfort builds a work of spiritual significance in his novel, "Down Among Men." The war serves as a background for an incident which is interpreted socialistically, and made a powerful argument for peace. A common Russian soldier refused to fight because, as he said, he had been forced from the plow, leaving his family to starve, and for this insubordination he is shot down by his superior officer. A senior war correspondent, friend of John Morning, the hero of the story, got from the dying man the name and place of his family in Russia. He went to them to plow and reap and care for the family all the rest of his life, with intervals when he told the story of the "Plowman" to audiences all over the world. The second thread of the story is John Morning's struggle between love for a noble woman, and the feeling that his work as a writer demanded freedom from human ties. At the close of the book the reader feels sure of the beauty and truth of the "Plowman" incident, but is not exactly clear as to the spiritual outcome of Morning's problem. George H. Doran Company.

In the preface to "The Drama of Today," Mr. Charlton Andrews states,

"There is no brief compendium of the drama today, as it is practised, not only in England and America, but also upon the continent. It is to supply the need of such a manual that the present treatise has been written." He devotes his first fifty pages to differentiating drama from literature and to explaining its various forms, conventions, and means of expression. He gives forty-five pages to the work of American dramatists, sixty-five to the British, forty to the Continentals, and closes with twenty pages of prognostication of the future. Each section contains brief synopses and criticisms of the two or three most important plays of the eight or ten most important authors, and an analysis of the chief tendencies and characteristics of the school. Aside from its sins of omission,—Tolstoi, Bjornson, Benelli, and Echegaray, as dramatists, for example; the drift toward realism in acting; the details of the German revolution in staging and its effect,—its value as a compendium is lessened by the arbitrariness with which Mr. Andrews has assigned importance, and by the technical spirit of his criticism. He remarks, for instance, that either Messrs. Shaw or Barker "by simply bowing good-humoredly to the indispensable traditions of the playwright's craft, might produce plays almost as interesting and effective as Mr. Besler's *Don*," and he speaks of "the close and stuffy atmosphere of Ibsen, the misty, sickly gloom of Maeterlinck, the loathsome putrescence of Hauptmann, and the pathological miasma of D'Annunzio." J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mr. T. H. S. Escott's "Anthony Trollope" has a sub-title, *His Public Services, Private Friends and Literary Originals*, and to this well-balanced phrase he might have added another, to the general effect that the book includes something about every literary

person of any consequence who lived in the United Kingdom in Trollope's time, or in his mother's, and more or less about every political person. Nobody is omitted, from Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and a long succession of prime ministers down to that Churchill who was at one time the Fourth Party, and later Secretary of State for India, although it must be owned that he is named but casually, as casually as are George V and Queen Anne. Mrs. Trollope came to America but once, and left it unregretted and unregretting. Every one at all familiar with American letters knows how "Domestic Manners of the Americans" grieved some and affronted even more, but insufficient allowance is generally made for the bluntness of comment hastily written by a much overworked wife and mother sorely wounded by the failure of a venture in untried fields, visited in behalf of her dear ones. Mr. Escott thinks that the book had been forgotten or had never been known by the generation that Trollope met, but republics never forget. Anthony Trollope was welcomed, liked, and read "even to mammoth editions," but always with the lurking remembrance of his mother's luckless book. Most unfortunately his effort in behalf of international copyright miscarried, and a book for which his own country paid him hundreds of pounds, sold here for fifteen cents a copy and netted him \$100. Small wonder that he thought himself held in low esteem.

He visited some of the colonies, finding South Africa a poor, niggery, yellow-faced, half-bred sort of a place, with an ugly Dutch flavor about it, and one Leander Starr Jameson its most striking man. It was in 1878 that "Doctor Jim" thus impressed the visitor from home. Australia and he were mutually attracted, and his books were almost as much liked in the pres-

ent Federation as in the mother-country. The sheep-farming, the superb horses and horsemanship, delighted him and in the wild bush-legends he saw endless material. But at last, after all his travelling and working, his reforms in high official places, after all his happy days of hunting, when at last he made him a home in London wherein to end his days, in quiet work, it was so ordered that he should die paralyzed. In a hospital, and that the English press should find less space for his obituary notice than it gave to Louis Blanc, a French socialist, loving England none the more because when cast forth by his own land he had found a shelter in London.

In one sense, it was a brilliantly successful career that ended with such painful tameness: it was the life of a man who had been so fortunate as to make daily life easier for some of his associates, and later to amuse and please thousands, and now and then to correct an abuse, and it is pleasant to think that his few intellectual peers in his own sphere esteemed him highly. A good friend, a fearless enemy, kind to the unfortunate, wisely generous, his intimates knew him to be. That he was never petty his autobiography plainly showed when published. Mr. Escott has so arranged his qualities and his defects as to summon a life-like figure from the vast mass of his written words. He dedicates his monograph "To those of Anthony Trollope's name and blood now living and to the few survivors among his friends whose memory of him is still fresh and dear." The frontispiece of the volume is a portrait which is almost a biography in itself. A more satisfactory guide through the English literary and political history of the last eighty years is not to be expected even from the phalanx of English journalists. John Lane Company.

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